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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

LITERATURE

Memoirs of the Life of James Wilson, Esq., of Woodville. By James Hamilton, D.D. (Nisbet & Co.)

In the heroic days and pagan times of Scotland, when a remarkable man died, his surviving friends wrote his biography in stones. Each familiar acquaintance added a flint or so to the heap, and when the cairn was completed the whole formed a volume hard of digestion and sacred to the memory of the good man and good deeds it was raised to record.

The late James Wilson has had a similar treatment at the hands of those who loved him living and who respect him now that he has passed away. They have flung together a mass, not only, be it said, of hard stones, but of mosses and flowers, and tender memorials, and funny sayings (some of which are as melancholy as can well be imagined) and fragmentary matter of a miscellaneous nature—the whole forming a pleasant and instructive volume—occasionally “hard” and prosy, but altogether one which leaves an agreeable impression of the hero, and affords to the reader some useful suggestions and some cheering encouragement.

The editor offers an apology for the book not being so solemn nor so stately as befits a tribute to departed worth—but therein is its most pleasant attribute. Solemn, stately books,—whether they treat of good, dull, uneducated men, or, as here, of good, frolicsome, accomplished gentlemen,—are insufferable compositions. Dr. Hamilton intimates that he could have been solemn and stately enough had he cared to make of his volume an elegy or a funeral oration. But even in that case we see no necessity for heavy grandeur. The ancients, at all events, could write elegies wherein tenderness was not sacrificed to pomposity,—and could deliver funeral orations as stirring and graphic, and yet not unbecoming, as the lightest modern reader could desire. In the most remote, as in the most recent, times, it is the solemnly monotonous author who obtains his full measure of praise and small amount of perusal. It is your vivacious author who knows how to combine scholarship, grace and sentiment in decorous liveliness of spirit—who obtains not only praise but perusal. Thus, we laud the Epicnians of Pindar—but we know by heart the light Odes of Anacreon.

Therefore, Dr. Hamilton has done well in giving us a work professing to delineate the life and feelings of a Christian scholar and gentleman, and to show “how honourably and usefully an accomplished mind may fill up a life of leisure,” without adopting the phraseology and colouring which pervade and render useless what are considered or called “Christian biographies.” The religious world has generally had impressed upon it that lightness of spirit was utter naughtiness. Dr. Hamilton here portrays as good a Christian as ever formed the subject of biography, in quite another tone and sense. We are glad to find, at last, that all the super-excellent men are not heavy fellows—that the virtuous can thoroughly enjoy “cakes and ale,” and that the wit in their mouth is as pungent as any ginger tasted in honour of St. Anne.

Now, turning to James Wilson, we must premise that the Wilsons being pretty well as numerous as the Smiths, it is, to adopt Dr. Hamilton’s view, necessary to say who he was not, in order to show who he really was. He was an experienced naturalist—but he was not Wilson of the American Ornithology, “with

whom many of our friends confound him.” He travelled on the Continent in 1816–18—but he was not the James Wilson who published the ‘Continental Tour,’ performed in the same years. He was not Wilson of statistical skill, or of the London press;—nor, though he was James Wilson of Paisley, and a poet to boot, was he James Wilson the Paisley Poet, and many other bright things besides. As to his being a poet, however, there seems to us to be some little doubt on the subject. It is his editor who bestows on him this majestic appellation,—and the ground on which it is conferred will, perhaps, raise a smile on the faces of our readers. “During his first years,” says Dr. Hamilton, “it was a struggle between the poet and the naturalist, and although his early rhymes have perished, we need them not to assure us that the fellow-countryman of Thomson and Graham could have added a worthy lay to ‘The Seasons’ and ‘The Birds of Scotland.’” By which we perceive that Dr. Hamilton is imperfectly acquainted with the laws of criticism and the rules that govern reviewers.

We shall better establish Mr. James Wilson’s identity by showing whose brother he was than by giving his lineal descent; and this, with an accompanying sample of the quiet humour of the man, is very neatly done by the editor of the volume. “One day,” he remarks, “many years ago, at the dinner-table at Ardencale, the conversation came to turn on *Blackwood’s Magazine*, which, with its merry mischief, was then vexing or diverting all the world. ‘Has Prof. Wilson any brothers?’ exclaimed a guest; but before Lord John Campbell could introduce the quiet gentleman opposite, with a face of impenetrable solidity, James Wilson, turning to the interrogator, made answer for himself, ‘Oh, yes, he has several brothers. But, as you know always happens in such cases, all the brothers are idiots!’ However, I submit to the laws of nature.” This sample of his humour is characteristic of the man. It was not made at the expense of another, and may favourably contrast with the remark of a certain Admiral to the Duke of Clarence,—that being the greatest fool in the family, his father had sent him to sea! Still more creditably does the humour of James contrast with that of his brother, the Professor, samples of which may be found in the *Athenæum*, No. 1453, and our thoughts on which may be read in our number for April 8, 1854.

Our Paisley James was born in 1795, and that Paisley folk are not to be lightly esteemed, here is a rather pleasant example:—

“Some thirty years ago, an English tourist was standing on the Castle Rock, with a hank, keen visaged Scotchman for interpreter and guide. ‘Now, my good friend,’ said the Southron, ‘you have talked quite enough about your native town. Pray, forget Paisley for a moment, and let us look at Edinburgh.’—‘It’s no that easy to forget Paisley when ye look at Embro,’ replied the offended *cicerone*. ‘Seest ‘ou?’ and he pointed towards the University buildings; ‘that’s Embro’ College, where they come from England and s’ pairts to learn to be doctors, and chancellors, and members o’ Parliament; and it has the cleverest men in the three kingdoms for its professors: but far the cleverest of them a’ is ane John Wilson, and he’s a Paisley man. And seest ‘ou?’ pointing to a distant spire; ‘yon’s the steeple o’ North Leith. It’s the best stiped in Scotland, and at this present it’s allowed to have the best preacher in Scotland for its minister. Ye must have heard tell of the Rev. James Buchanan; but ye may have forgotten that he’s a Paisley man. And seest ‘ou that kirk wi’ the doon on’t? That’s St. George’s wher’ a’ the gentry attend for the sake of the singing; and I’se warrant ye’ll no hear the like o’ the precentor in a’ England. They ca’ him R. A. Smith, and he’s a Paisley man. And seest

on’ where a’ the coaches are waiting to start? That’s the Register Office. Ye may say it’s the key-stane o’ the kingdom; for lairds and lands a’ hang by it. But though it’s the place where dukes and earls keep their titles, and the King himself keeps his papers, every day, when the clerks gae hame, and the door is steekit, the entire place is left in charge of an awf wife, and she’s a Paisley woman.”

James Wilson was a younger son, and had a vast fortune in a mind that “to him a kingdom was,” and in pursuits that brought him a whole bank of happiness. He studied the law, but indifferent health caused him to turn to studies more agreeable and healthful,—the study of nature was the chief of them. With this came travel by land and sea, yielding the profits sure to be reaped by an acute observer. Then ensued perilous illness, with a charming panacea for a sick and intelligent youth, in the person of a fair and intelligent girl—Isabella Keith. James took the remedy provided for him by Heaven, with alacrity, and was cured by the specific. A brief but happy period of married life ensued, from 1824 to 1837. The sunshine was not without its shade, but the cloud had over its golden lining, and Mr. Wilson buried sorrow, or rather veiled it, by active pursuits,—active, that is to say, chiefly in an intellectual sense. He wrote extensively on subjects of natural history. He was virtually the editor of all that portion of ‘The Encyclopædia Britannica’ which is devoted to those subjects,—and this occupation would have been to him a dear delight but for his having to depend on other writers, who were never in time, and always deplored the want of what they wasted. We have sympathy with him in this affliction, and will only venture to suggest how exemplary must be the moderation, self-control, and excellent principle of those editors who, despite sore provocation and bitter disappointment, have never yet been known to murder the offenders.

Recreation followed business, and sunshine succeeded to shadow, till his quiet and useful life began to number their last summers and winters, and then we have cheerful glimpses of his hidden life, and by their light reach the close of a mortal pilgrimage, in 1856. How, in his mean time, his reputation had been spread abroad is exemplified by “the address on a letter from a naturalist in Paris who is rather proud of his English:—‘England, Sir James Wilson, Lover of Insects, Woodville, Edinburgh.’”

Of his experiences of travel, which, like misery, makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows, there are many in this volume, and here is one of them:—

“In three successive summers he was induced to accompany Professor Graham and his botanizing companions in their excursions to the mountains of Forfarshire and Sutherland. In the wilder regions the accommodation was sometimes of the most primitive description, and a party of twenty pedestrians would sleep in a hay-loft, or on the floor of the one spare room in a little public-house, or even in a mountain sheltering without glass to the windows. On more than one occasion they were accompanied by a naval officer whose feats of snoring Mr. Wilson used merrily to describe as something prodigious. The first night he kept the whole party awake listening to his astounding performances. The second night he was voted into a separate room, along with a deaf old gardener who was proof against ordinary noises. In the morning his room-mate was asked how he had slept. ‘I never slept a wink. He gart the very bed dirl under him.’ At last it became needful to extort a solemn pledge that, by way of giving all his neighbours a chance, the gallant captain would not lay his head on the pillow till a quarter of an hour after his comrades—a pledge which he kept with gay good humour, sitting up,

stop-watch in hand, till the company had a fair start of fifteen minutes; but woe betide the luckless wretch who could not gain the arms of Morphée before Triton sounded his trumpet."

Here is a greater man than the captain put to sleep in a bed of another sort:—

"Inchnadamff, Asynt, 6th August, 1833.

"I think I told you in my last, that we crossed the country from the bay of Cromarty to the Dornoch Firth the day after the Duke [of Sutherland] was buried at Dornoch. An old lady told us, 'He was just deceivin' when they took him awa' frae England; but it was nat'rel: it wad gie him pleeshur to be buried in the Highlands.' We found the sky as bright and the waters of the frith as sparkling as if no Duke had died. When we were entering a narrow defile, with gray crags on one side, a brawling brook below, and on the opposite side a fine old fir wood, we saw, moving over the tops of the rocks, some black creatures or substances, which we took at first to be crows. A few moments dispelled the illusion, and with its cross-bones and skulls, its sand-glasses and waving plumes, came rattling down the road the 'narrow house' which had recently conveyed the mortal remains of him to whom the entire county had belonged. It seemed full of packing boxes, &c., and the coachman appeared to be a little whisked."

Mr. Wilson remarks, truly enough, of the country through the Pass of Killiecrankie to Stewartfield,—that it is "a walk for picturesque beauty unsurpassed almost" by anything he ever saw. At a subsequent page, he remarks (in May, 1834),—

"Our yesterday's ride passes description; so I will let it pass, merely remarking what you may have elsewhere noticed, but which I never saw more magnificently exemplified than amid the wooded theatre of Killiecrankie, that the fresh and verdurous foliage of the bursting spring is preferable in such a scene to the matured and almost arid leafy of summer. Here and there a group of shy and reluctant-looking ash-trees showed us that something was yet to come; but the oaks, birches, and sycamores were all beautiful exceedingly."

We will not go so far as to say that the arid leafy of summer is equal to the fresh spring foliage of Killiecrankie,—but we will assert that he who would visit the spot where Claverhouse fell, and behold the pass in its glory, must do so when those very ash-trees are in berry, and when autumn has given to the foliage every possible variety of hue. It is then, indeed, that the scene, familiar to ourselves, is beautiful exceedingly.

The letters of Mr. Wilson to his children are marked by strong good sense, by unobtrusive piety, by instructiveness, and, as the following extract will show, by curious glances into the future. The letter is dated "Inchnadamff," 29th June, 1854:—

"This is a very wild country. I have sometimes travelled through it for a whole day without seeing a single house, or meeting with a single human being. There were many more people in it formerly; but, a good many years ago, the Countess of Sutherland, to whom it all belongs, was advised to tell all the cottagers and other poor people who lived in the valleys and on the sides of the hills, to go away down to the sea-shore, and become fishermen, that she might let all the land to rich English farmers, who, she was told, would give her far more money. But the people, some of whom were very old and all of whom loved the little sheltered spots where their fathers and grandfathers had lived for hundreds of years before them, did not wish to live by the sea-shore all together, in little dirty streets, and to learn to fish. They were not afraid of the sea; because the mountain shepherds are just as brave as sailors; and often in the stormy nights of winter, when the wind is howling among the wild rocks, and the snow is drifting about, and covering over everything with which they are acquainted, or might be able to make their way home, they are obliged to go out and look after their flocks, and see that they have not tumbled into the deep holes which are so common

among limestone rocks. But they thought it unkind to be asked to leave their ancient homes by those they had often served and defended; for during the war with the French, hundreds of all the strongest men sometimes joined together under the command of some chieftain whom they loved, and went abroad and fought, 'and spilt their blood like water'; but never thought that, after being worn out with their wounds, and coming home to their days in peace, they would all be sent away to catch cod and haddock. So, you see, instead of fishing by the sea shore, almost the whole of them went away to America, where many of them, with their sons and daughters, are living to this day. It is very true that those to whom the land belongs now get more money from the new comers; but if God saw fit to allow another Bonaparte to rise up among the French, who was determined to conquer all other countries, then it would be very difficult to get such brave men as once dwelt in Sutherland, but are now dwelling by the banks of the great rivers of America."

In the September of the following year he again writes to his "dear lassie," from Fettercairn. The subject might inspire a writer of ghostly ballads:—

"To-morrow we are to take a long drive to Loch Lee, which is about fifteen miles from this. In that part of the country, almost a hundred years ago, an old woman hanged herself, and the custom is, when any one commits suicide, to bury them where the lands of two lairds meet. Well! they tried to carry this woman there, though it is a long way off among the hills. A storm of snow came on—they were all like to perish with cold and hunger; so, long before they came to the proper place, they just threw her into a wet black hole in the moor. Well! what do you think?—not long ago when all the people themselves were dead (though their sons and daughters remembered the story, because they had been told it by their fathers and mothers), the old woman was discovered by a shepherd looking out of the hole in the moss; and there she lies at this present moment, and may be seen by any one that chooses. I shall shake hands with her, I hope, to-morrow."

Our naturalist in the course of his travels not only made discoveries in natural, but some in social and romantic, history. Subjoined is a singular instance of how facts are laid hold of by novelists. The scene is at Lerwick, where the traveller visited an aged lady, named Grierson:—

"You are probably aware, that her father and mother lost their life owing to the well-meant and affectionate kindness of one of their daughters (whether Mrs. Grierson or not I cannot say) who placed a chaffer of coals in what she feared might be a damp or airless room, in which her parents were to sleep. They were both found suffocated next morning. The knowledge of this dreadful catastrophe is, of course, not new either to myself or you. But this other related fact, or rather fiction, seems to have sprung out of it, though not that I know of traced to its source, either by John Lockhart or any other of Sir Walter Scott's biographical commentators. In the novel, called the 'Pirate,' the scene of which is laid in Shetland, a wild, almost mad enthusiast is described under the name of Norna of the Fifthead. She somewhere, in the course of the work, discloses her own early history, and the dire calamities which had befallen her. The most fatal and overwhelming of these resulted from her closing her parents' bed-room door, which she found ajar one morning at an early hour, when about to fulfil an assignation with her lover. Her parents both died in consequence, from suffocation, and remorse drove her to insanity. Now what has this to do with Mrs. Grierson, who certainly bears about her none of the wild eccentricities of Norna of the Fifthead? Not much essentially, though I doubt not, it was the narration of the Grant tragedy that furnished Sir Walter Scott with both the designation of Norna, and the most awful event in her history. Mrs. Grierson's husband (a Shetland laird) was proprietor of Fifthead, the most south-western portion of Shetland, and she herself is at present Mrs. Grierson, senior,

of the same. I doubt not that when Scott in the course of his Shetland voyage passed by the magnificent promontory so named, and inquired its owners or occupiers, he might learn the fate of Mrs. Grierson's parents, and would afterwards entwine that sad portion of her own or sister's history in his fictitious picture of Shetland scenery and manners."

From romance to reality leads us to a living lady and a very sensible remark on ladies that are too lively:—

"I have just received a note from his Grace of Argyll, wishing me to be with him this evening. He is a great admirer of Mrs. Stowe, and in reply to some remarks of mine, says, 'As to Mrs. Stowe, nothing will spoil her, I feel sure.' Good Mrs. Harriet! she was almost worried to death in Edinburgh, and must have thought us rather a ruffianly set of philanthropists. For myself, I am too old now to become a philanthropist, and I have a great aversion to crowds; moreover, I set such great store by the feminine part of the female character, that I am slow to see the use or propriety of any woman appearing upon a public platform, unless as in the case of the late Mrs. Manning, she is going to be hanged. It then becomes unavoidable."

In contrast with the fair sex we produce a notice of a long by-gone Kirk minister, famous for his stature, his strength, and his views of baptismal regeneration:—

"He was once attacked in his own parish by two strong ruffians, to the child of one of whom he had refused baptism, on the score of the parent's unsuitable character and qualifications. Finding him at some distance from the manse, they threateningly renewed their application for the ordinance, which was as resolutely refused, upon which the fellows laid violent hands upon the pastor, swearing they would never let him go till he complied. A desperate struggle ensued, and Donald, perceiving that the minister was stronger than himself and his neighbour, drew his dirk, and inflicted a deep wound on Mr. Robertson's right arm, notwithstanding which he beat them both, and sent Donald home again to study his catechism. It happened curiously enough, that at an after period, that while crossing the Thames in a boat, Mr. Robertson was assailed by a stentorian voice from one of the hulks in the river,—'O! a Mhaisteir Seumas, am bheil thu' g'am fhaghais' am so?'—[Oh! Mr. James, are you going to leave me here?]—Recognizing instantly the speaker's voice, he answered, 'Ah! a Dhòinil, bheil cuimh agad air l'a na biodaig?'—[Ah! Donald, do you remember the day of the dirk?]—This was rather a home-thrust, which the despairing convict tried to parry with. 'Och! a Mhaisteir Seumas, is olc an t-aite cuimh-nachan so.'—[Oh! Mr. James, bad place for remembrance is this.] And here the conversation ceased; but the minister, in the true spirit of his holy calling, lost no time in employing his influence, which was considerable (he from the first espoused the Hanoverian cause, and had been personally serviceable both to Lord Loudon and President Forbes, on their retreat from Inverness to the Western Islands, on the return of the then victorious clansmen from the battle of Falkirk), and succeeded in obtaining a pardon for his enemy."

Our extracts from, and general notice of, this book will sufficiently show how varied are its contents. In spite of the few drawbacks to which we have alluded at the commencement of our notice, the volume will be found highly acceptable to every class of reader. It is remarkably "healthy" in its tone; and the reader cannot help loving the man and the scholar and the Christian, whose learning, disposition, and religion were not a jot impaired by his fondness for fun with a meaning in it, for his addiction to hearty laughing himself as well as hearing it in others, or for his sensible enjoyment of all honest drinks, and therewith his moderate and steady friendship for that wearied scholar's friend, "the light cigar." Altogether, the picture here given reflects credit on the artist and his

subject. We have only indicated a few of its chief points. The extent of view prevents us from doing more,—our readers being, with regard to the entire volume, very like what the guests at the New Inn at the Trosachs are to the wondrous beauty without. They are in a turret, by the light of whose narrow windows they may see something of the beauty beyond,—but for the full enjoyment of which they must walk forth and judge for themselves,

The Sermons, Lectures, and Speeches delivered by His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, during his Tour in Ireland in August and September, 1858, with his Lecture delivered in London on the "Impressions" of his Tour. Revised by His Eminence, with a Connecting Narrative. (Dublin, Duffy.)

THAT Cardinal Wiseman should go to Ireland to open a new chapel at Ballinasloe, was only, we venture to think, in the order of things, without any affecting condescension,—that when he was in Ireland, the presence of one so distinguished in his own church should be early sought for, and his co-operation requested on all those occasions at which the presidency of "a lion" brings excitement and fills the collecting-box, was no less natural. Then the warm-hearted enthusiasm of the Irish is proverbial. Did they not run after Paganini's carriage by the hundred in Dublin streets? Did they not the other night take the horses out of Mdlle. Piccolomini's coach, to draw her hotel-ward? Thus, triumphal arches, flowers strewing the way, crowds of adorers waving green branches, genuflexions acknowledged by a mystic sign (however at variance these may be with every idea of welcome to a minister of the Church), are all explicable; no more, perhaps, than might have been looked for. But that the hero of what the Cardinal calls this "feast of soul" should lend himself, as he has here done, to prolong and perpetuate the ovation, nay, even to "add to eke," trusts us as strange in one professing such a sense of unworthiness, even on his own showing. It was proper, no doubt, that any of the formal discourses delivered should be corrected, when about to be printed, by their speaker. But the Cardinal owns to having looked after the impromptu answers which in the glow of the moment he addressed to the flower-strewers and the branch-bearers. What the papers recorded at the moment he has since "washed clean." But let him give his own version and reason for this proceeding, and his own explanation:—

"If he had refused, or even not offered his concurrence in this part of the work, he might have seen himself reasonably charged with sentiments or assertions which had never proceeded from his lips, and possibly opposed to what he had really uttered. This will be his apology for what otherwise, in addition to many other imperfections, might have had to bear the imputation of being a selfish proceeding. But should any further excuse be considered necessary for his share in this publication, he could find it in the wish expressed, by authority too deeply venerated by him to be disobeyed, even in a desire, that an accurate account should be published, of the events of the short visit to Ireland here commemorated. The connecting narrative has been entirely entrusted to other hands. The ground-work of it is necessarily the day-by-day report of papers at the time; but they have been revised, and, no doubt, toned down, by a lay gentleman of considerable literary experience and celebrity."

The italics are ours. What must have been the original when these expressions—"As one

of the greatest ecclesiastics of the age"—"His Eminence's rare talents, vast acquirements, distinguished virtues and unostentatious piety, as well as his exalted position and great services to religion and literature"—are allowed to remain in a book edited by himself? Who will not be reminded of the humility of the blind fiddler, *Wandering Willie*, in 'Redgauntlet'—when on *Little Benjie* the boy acquainting *Darsie Latimer* that this was Willie Steenson, Wandering Willie, the best fiddler that ever kittled thairn with horse-hair"—sanctioned his own praises with a nod," and ejaculated, "All is true that the little boy says"? Who will not be reminded of the lists which appear in the columns of a fashionable contemporary the morning after *Lady Grace* or *Lady Marjoram* "has received a brilliant circle," on finding pages full of the names of priests, great, small, and middle-sized, who took part in the offices of the Romish Church, or were present at the performances? There wanted only the *bills of fare* of the banquets, which, as it may be recollect, were given in other no less observant papers. Why were not these also worthy of reprint, "toned down" of course?

Let us not be misunderstood. It was proper enough that Cardinal Wiseman's Sermons should be reprinted; and, taking them on their own showing, they are neither more inflated, nor pompous, nor uncharitable, than such sermons must inevitably be. The two secular lectures on antiquarian and scientific subjects are, like all the Cardinal's similar discourses, instructive and interesting,—and not the less so for the sectarian tinge with which they are flushed. But the book in which they are imbedded is one of the most vain-glorious records of a personal triumph ever edited, even under the pretext of "obedience to venerable authority."

Letters of Colonel Sir Augustus Simon Frazer, K.C.B., commanding the Royal Horse Artillery in the Army under the Duke of Wellington. Written during the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns. Edited by Major-General Edward Sabine. (Longman & Co.)

ONCE more a picture of San Sebastian and Waterloo, a book of battle reminiscences, independent of the Wellington Despatches or the Napier History. Sir Augustus Frazer was with the guns,—his was the breaching arm,—his were the batteries that roared on the retreating squadrons of French cavalry, falling back from the English infantry squares at Waterloo. Therefore the tale, though told for a hundredth time, interests us again, and will probably attract even the most familiar students of the Wellington literature. Like every soldier's narrative, especially when struck off fragmentarily in letters, its orbit is narrow, for the writer of the letters describes only what he saw, and must occasionally have been sometimes confused by observations made during the din, dust, and precipitation of warfare. Upon many points, however, his testimony is valuable, and likely to aid in the settlement of disputed passages. A thorough soldier by instinct, habit, and culture, not a *beau sabreur*, but a steady, determined, sagacious officer, Frazer had no temptation ever to quit the field until the last blow had been struck on the Belgian plain. He was born in a military period. While he lay in the cradle, his father was demolishing the fortifications of Dunkirk, and Washington was fighting on the Delaware. At thirteen, as a gentleman cadet at Woolwich, he heard the thunder of Indian, Ottoman, and Baltic war. His first commission was

declaring war in France; when Dumouriez was beaten at Neerwinden, and the Duke of York at Houdscote; and when a certain young artillery officer, surnamed Buonaparte, was beginning to distinguish himself under Dugommier, at Toulon. And his career commenced right turbulent. He was with the Royal Artillery in Flanders as Second Lieutenant; next year, as First Lieutenant, he fought at Mouvaux, Cateau, Cambresis, Tourney, Boxtel, and Fort St. André. Afterwards, as Captain-Lieutenant, his guns were at Bergen, Egmont, and Alkmaer. Upon obtaining his troop he co-operated in the assault of Buenos Ayres, in 1807, and in 1812, as Major in the Royal Artillery, joined the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. At this date the correspondence begins, and its character will best be explained if we note that Frazer was present at Salamanca, Osma, Vittoria, San Sebastian, the Bidassoa, the Nivelle, the Adour, Bayonne, and Toulouse, being twice wounded, promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, with the command of artillery in the eastern division of England, and honoured with a medal, two clasps, and a Knight Companionship of the Bath. Being now Sir Augustus, and a regimental Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Artillery, Frazer enjoyed a few months of repose; but his task was not yet accomplished. Napoleon escaped from Elba; the glory and the shame of the Hundred Days were in store for France; at the head of the Royal Artillery Frazer, already a veteran in arms, joined the allied army in Flanders, and at the "king-making victory" at Waterloo, he especially contributed to the great result. General Sabine writes:—

"On assuming this command, the high reputation which Sir Augustus Frazer enjoyed as an artillery officer, combined with his firmness of character, prevailed on the Duke of Wellington, who was at first not favourable to the exchange, to permit him to substitute 9-pounders for 6-pounders in the troops of Horse Artillery serving with the army. To this exchange, which preceded the Battle of Waterloo, may justly be ascribed much of the success of that memorable day, in the far heavier loss which the case-shot of the 9-pounders, stationed in front of the British line, inflicted upon the enemy advancing to the attack, and in the consequent saving of life to the allied troops by whom the attack was repulsed. The advantage of such a substitution will not be doubted in the present day, when the importance of the employment of heavier field ordnance than was then customary, has become a matter of universal recognition."

The correspondence begins at the Ordnance Office, and ends at Paris. In November, 1812, Frazer found himself preparing for a campaign; in July, 1815, he was with Chateaubriand, congratulating the Bourbon king upon his restoration. After that his career was one of peace and promotion. He commanded the Artillery at Woolwich; he became Director of the Royal Laboratory; he was elected a Member of the Royal Society; and, in 1835, this hero of the Peninsula and Waterloo disappeared from among the veterans who dined annually at Apsley House.

Many of the earlier letters, addressed, for the most part, to private individuals, are those of an ordinary traveller. Frazer, though on his way to join an army engaged in a difficult campaign, had eye and thought for Cintra scenery, Lisbon pictures, chapels, altar-pieces, olive plantations, and sculpture. Away roll the batteries to Alverca, to Mello, to Coja. At Coimbra, amid Dutch gardens and monastic fish-ponds; at Busaco he mused where Wellington had stood watching the brief yet tremendous battle; but, at Malhada Sorda, there was a premonitory apocalypse of the conflict that was not to end

except at Toulouse. And here we have a glimpse of the system "as it was of old":—

"We all lament the ridiculous dress of our cavalry, whom it will now be difficult to distinguish from the enemy. ** No appearance of any issue of pay to the troops."

Wherever the French had been only ruin and famine remained. At Malhada, Frazer joined the Duke, then Lord Wellington:—

"Lord Wellington was very civil, and invited me to dine with him, which I accordingly did, and sat till half-past eleven, as etiquette forbade any one's moving from table till after his Lordship, except indeed the Prince of Orange, who rose about a quarter of an hour before the rest. The party consisted of twenty-eight. The conversation at these tables is necessarily common place. Much was said of the Light Division, and more of Ross's Troop, which is certainly in very superior order. A Count de Chaves and his two sons (one a boy) sat opposite Lord Wellington, who sits in the middle of one side of his table. Nothing more amuses me than scenes of this sort; fancy is at work reading the characters of all, and smiling at the eager looks which betray the anxiety to catch a smile from the hero of the day. The Prince of Orange always sits on his right hand. His Highness seems affable and good-humoured, and is a very general favourite. The boy was soon asleep, and the father followed. I talked with Col. Arentschild till we were both ready to follow the example; and before we broke up, heat, good cheer, and champagne had made us all drowsy and stupid. All, however, seemed unnecessarily in fear of the great man; on his part, he talked with apparent frankness."

From Ciudad Rodrigo to Salamanca—clouds of dust marking the course of columns converging. The famous battle dwindle in Frazer's description:—

"I left the field in the suite of the marquis, and we reached Salamanca about 5 p.m. There were some 'vivas,' and some ladies rushed out of the crowd and seized his lordship's hand: but altogether there was less expression of joy than I expected. In the evening there was an illumination I am told: but I was tired and went to bed, though not without some sorrowful ideas at the sight I had witnessed. There was not even the small emotion of honour where there was no danger, and to slaughtered flying enemies, though duty requires it, is nevertheless shocking."

Infinite fighting and perpetual glory, but scanty rations! Vittoria leads swiftly to Pamplona; thence the victorious flight is rapid to Roncesvalles, where fell the twelve Paladins of France, and that conducts us to the bloody thoroughfares and fractured walls of San Sebastian. The fearful scenes depicted by Napier show thus sternly in the confidential narration of Sir Augustus Frazer:—

"I have been in the town, and over that part of it which the flames or the enemy will permit to be visited. The scene is dreadful: no words can convey half the horrors which strike the eye at every step. Nothing, I think, can prevent the almost total destruction of the unhappy town. Heaps of dead in every corner; English, French, and Portuguese lying wounded on each other; with such resolution did one side attack and the other defend. The enemy holds the convent of which I spoke in my last, and from it pours certain destruction on any who approach particular spots under its fire. When a man falls, we are obliged to send the French prisoners to drag away the body, and they, poor fellows, manifest a reluctance in performing the dangerous duty. This convent must be carried, and soon; there is no alternative, it must not be suffered to remain in the enemy's hands. The town is not plundered, it is sacked. Rapine has done her work, nothing is left. Women have been shot whilst opening their doors to admit our merciless soldiery, who were the first night so drunk, that I am assured the enemy might have retaken part, if not the whole town. The inhabitants who have come out look pale and squalid; many women, but I think few children. I had occasion, in going to

General Hay, to go into several houses: some had been elegantly furnished. All was ruin; rich hangings, women's apparel, children's clothes, all scattered in utter confusion. The very few inhabitants I saw, said nothing. They were fixed in stupid horror, and seemed to gaze with indifference at all around them, hardly moving when the crash of a falling house made our men run away. The hospitals present a shocking sight: friends and enemies lying together, all equally neglected."

Yet Spain was dancing boleros all the while; war had made her idle; her young men were reckless; her maidens were flippant; nevertheless, "woe in the rear and death in the van" marked the passage of the rival armies. Frazer relates the following anecdote of French discipline on the Bidasoan:—

"Soul shot, three days ago, a French captain of infantry and member of the Legion of Honour, who had been sentenced to that punishment by the summary verdict of a court-martial at St. Jean de Luz, under the following circumstances. Just before the French quitted St. Jean de Luz, the officer in question had his company quartered in a certain part of the town. A woman came to complain to him that his men, expecting to leave the town, were beginning to plunder her house. The officer paying little attention to her entreaties to befriend her, and to restrain the excesses of his men, she observed, 'that if they, who were the natural defenders of the country, would not protect them, the English might as well be there at once.'

"'Oh,' said the officer, 'if you are a friend to the English, you shall see how I will defend you;' and thus saying, he himself set fire to her house. A gendarme being present, exclaimed that though he could not take the officer into custody, nor prevent him by force, he would immediately report the circumstance to the Marshal (Souls), which he did; and the officer, who was before that time esteemed as a brave and good man, was tried, condemned, and executed."

Upon the battle of Waterloo Frazer dwelt in his private letters with special enthusiasm; the entire story, read over again, seems new as ever. At six in the morning of the 16th of June, he writes:—

"I have just learned that the Duke moves in half an hour. Wood thinks to Waterloo, which we cannot find on the map: this is the old story over again. I have sent Bell to Delaney's office, where we shall learn the real name."

Waterloo was never again to be missed on the map. The day wore on:—

"Bonaparte has moved: and in consequence we are moving too. It may be hardly worth while to describe what I hardly yet understand, but to-day will unravel the mystery; to-morrow we may try the field of arms. Our troops are concentrating. I suspect the scene of the struggle will be in the vicinity of Braine l'Aude, near Hal."

That evening he accepted a challenge to play at Dutch billiards. There is no account of the contest; but there is of Quatre Bras, on the morrow:—

"The enemy's lancers and cuirassiers are the finest fellows I ever saw;—they made several bold charges, and repeatedly advanced in the very teeth of our infantry. They have severely paid for their spirit—most of them are now lying before me."

The following is an original Waterloo memorandum:—

"How shall I describe the scenes through which I have passed since morning? I am now so tired that I can hardly hold my pen. We have gained a glorious victory, and against Napoleon himself. I know not yet the amount of killed, wounded, or prisoners, but all must be great. Never was there a more bloody affair, never so hot a fire. Bonaparte put in practice every device of war. He tried us with artillery, with cavalry, and last of all with infantry. The efforts of each were gigantic, but the admirable talents of our Duke, seconded by such troops as he commands, baffled every attempt."

We snatch an episode from the long narration:—

"In a momentary lull of the fire I buried my

friend Ramsay, from whose body I took the portrait of his wife, which he always carried next his heart. Not a man assisted at the funeral who did not shed tears. Hardly had I cut from his head the hair which I enclose, and laid his yet warm body in the grave, when our convulsive sobs were stifled by the necessity of returning to renew the struggle."

His last reflections and reminiscences were characteristic:—

"The horror of the scene strikes me now; at the moment its magnificence alone filled my mind. Several times were critical; but confidence in the Duke, I have no doubt, animated every breast. His Grace exposed his person, not unnecessarily but nobly: without his personal exertions, his continual presence wherever and whenever more than usual exertions were required, the day had been lost. 'Twice have I saved this day by perseverance,' said his Grace before the last great struggle, and said so most justly. Another saying of his Grace that evening to Lord Fitzroy deserves to be recorded: 'I have never fought such a battle, and I trust I shall never fight such another.' This was after the day was our own."

These repetitions of familiar events, these lights kindled in open day, long after the sun of history has risen, have an advantage over all mere compilations. Though they tell of things past, they tell of them freshly, and are proportionately fascinating. Since Europe has once more fallen on days of strife, and all minds are absorbed by expectations of battles fought and cities besieged, of flank and counter marches, of a second Lodi and a new Marengo, the Letters of Sir Augustus Frazer—the letters of a gallant soldier, a distinguished officer, and a Christian gentleman—will be read with eagerness and excite in most minds a strong personal admiration of the writer.

The German Classics from the Fourth to the Nineteenth Century: a German Reading-Book. By Max Müller, M.A. (Longman & Co.)

History of German Literature. By the Rev. Fred. Metcalfe, M.A. (Same publishers.)

Prof. Max Müller has reposed from his more reconnoitring Oriental studies to produce a common German Anthology, embracing the period from Hagedorn downwards, with a little bit of Heine at the end by way of seasoning. Even the tolerably wide word, "Classics," is not comprehensive enough for the largeness of his grasp, which at once takes in Ulphilas and Jean Paul. The extracts of which his book is composed were originally collected for the purpose of illustrating a series of lectures on the history of the German language and literature, delivered at Oxford by him in his Taylorian capacity, and this original purpose is clearly apparent in the arrangement of the materials. So little is the volume suited to those who wish to "learn German," that a tolerable knowledge of the modern tongue is assumed by the Professor, and although the historical preface is written in English, the short biographies by which each author is selected are in German throughout. But to those more ambitious English students who, not content with a little Schiller and less Goethe, wish to trace the progress of the German language from the very beginning, as revealed in the works of the principal authors, and at the same time shrink from the bulky epics and copious Minnelieder of the Middle Ages, this collection will be most acceptable.

"Old High-German," observes Prof. Müller, "is as difficult a language to a German as Anglo-Saxon is to an Englishman; and the Middle High-German of the *Nibelungen*, of *Wolfram* and *Walther*, nay, even of *Eckhart* and *Tauler*, is more remote from the language of Goethe than Chaucer is from Tennyson."

And with this fact deeply impressed on his mind he has taken great pains to bridge over for his countrymen by adoption, the chasm that separates the past from the present. The extracts from the fourth to the fourteenth century inclusive, beginning with the "Lord's Prayer" of the Gothic *Ulfilas*, and comprehending *inter alia* specimens from the epic and lyric poetry of the chivalric age, are accompanied throughout by translations into Modern German, with an exception in the case of the Hymns of the Church, with which the original Latin is given.

When the student has reached the fifteenth century, and makes acquaintance with the later *Minnesänger*, the *Meister-sänger*, and the satirical and religious poets who precede and illustrate the Reformation, he is no longer allowed such a stable crutch as a translation, but must content himself with a lighter staff, composed of marginal notes, which he may use till the end of the sixteenth century. Martin Opitz, whom fifty readers know as a landmark in literary history for every one that has read a distich from his pen, ushers in the period, that continues till the close of the eighteenth century,—Jean Paul Richter being the most modern author from whom extracts are taken. At the beginning of this period notes become scanty and long before the close they cease altogether.

The Rev. F. Metcalfe's 'History of German Literature,' based on Vilmar's work, is intended as a companion to Prof. Müller's extracts, to which it forms a sort of first volume,—bringing the record down to a still more recent date, so as to comprise not only the romantic poets of the Schlegel school, but even Heinrich Heine. Perhaps it is to be regretted that Mr. Metcalfe did not confine himself within the limits set by Prof. Müller, for while he gives a most instructive history of the old period, rendered doubly valuable by literary notes, his account of the latest writers is necessarily brief, and the remarks which he nevertheless permits himself to make have a somewhat dogmatical appearance. Few, for instance, who have read the poems of Lenau will agree with the opinion that "his lyrics owe their reputation more to the interest of the moment than to any intrinsic merit"; and possibly the brevity with which Mr. Metcalfe asserts that "posterity will judge of Heine as they judged of Bürger, that he was endowed with excellent points, nay, with almost a creative genius, which was ruined for want of moderation," will lead many to infer a closer affinity between two very diverse minds than is really intended by the historian. However, even the least satisfactory part of the book will be extremely useful as a sort of *catalogue raisonné*.

A Handy Book on the Law of Private Trading Partnership. By J. W. Smith, Barrister-at-Law. (Eppingham Wilson)

Lord St. Leonards has struck out a new and a useful line of writing. The subject before us is one in which people with money—and indeed without it—are very deeply concerned. In the last generation, an old naval officer, just retiring upon a handsome sum of prize-money, wanted to put his nephew into a bank with ten thousand pounds of capital. The bankers represented that his nephew was a very young man, and could hardly be a partner till he had learnt a little; but if he would allow his own name to be inserted in the deed, for a year or two, just as a form, his nephew should then come in. The inexperienced old man consented; the bankers were sharks who were on the point of failure, and in a few months the crash took place, and the debts contracted during his partnership carried all the prize-money away,

also as a matter of the merest form. There are no realities so real as the forms of law, and even when the forms go, the realities remain: John Doe and Richard Roe are among the fossil remains of an older stratum, but all they did is done still, and to the same purpose.

If the old officer had happened to come in the way of the Handy Book before us, or the like of it, he would have learnt in few words of much meaning, that "every man is liable for the *whole debt* of the firm *contracted while he is a partner*, and for all injuries done during that period by the firm, or any member of it, in the prosecution of their common enterprise. All the *separate* and the *joint* property of the partner will be amenable to this liability. He will also be liable to imprisonment on a judgment for any claim so arising." There are a great many people out of business, but with money, who have but a very indistinct idea of the *whole* liabilities of a partner. We recommend this book to them; and they will learn by it a part of a great truth, namely, that more of our law than they have any notion of was made by *and for landlords and creditors*.

But how can we come, they will say, in the way of this law? Let them read and see. The truth is, that this Scylla is continually stretching out her arms and drawing into her whirlpool persons who thought they were sailing in the smoothest water. Men of wealth, not knowing anything of business, are very apt to repay active services by giving security; they have a silly notion that it is cheaper than putting their hands into their pockets. The security is given for a man in business. There is no risk whatever; there never is in such cases: nobody in this world was ever asked to peril his money; all he has to do is to *lend his name*. In due time the obliged party is sorry to inform his friend that affairs have gone wrong, through the misconduct of the Emperor of China. There is too much reason to fear that those who can will come upon the Surety; but if the Surety would only invest ten thousand pounds and become a partner,—a sleeping partner, of course,—all will go right: the thing *must* answer. The poor Surety, to whom making a splendid profit on ten thousand pounds seems a better speculation than losing two thousand outright, and who has a dreamy notion that his other funds are in trust for his children, and his land entailed on the heir, is inclined to consent. He is strongly assured that even if—to suppose outrageous extravagance—matters should still go wrong, ten thousand will more than cover everything. He finds that there has been gross misrepresentation; the concern becomes bankrupt, and his *life interest* in his funds or his land, a property of the *separate existence* of which he had no idea, becomes the property of the creditors.

There have been plenty of books on the art of making money; but the art of keeping money, perhaps the more difficult art of the two, is not so much insisted on. A little knowledge of the law of partnership is a very necessary component. To women especially, who are left with money in their own control, no knowledge is more necessary. They imagine that a "partner" can only belong to a shop or a counting house, where he speaks to the clerks *de haut en bas*, both as to his tone and his stool, and bows the better sort of clients or customers to the door. They could as soon imagine themselves in white neckcloths as in partnership. But it concerns them to know that they may become partners without knowing it if they do not take care, and that partnership means paying other people's debts more often than not, to those who do *not* take care. We are glad to have so good an opportunity of throwing out a word of

warning; it does not often happen to a literary journal to be able to touch this topic. But there is never a Monday in all the blessed year in which it does not happen that a poor creature might have been saved from ruin if he or she had seen such an article as the present in our Saturday number, and been led to think by it.

Chronicon Monasterii De Abingdon. Edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, M.A. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.)

AMONG the volumes of Chronicles published by the Master of the Rolls, none is more valuable than the history of the Abingdon Monastery. The narrative extends from the supposed conversion of the Britons in the second century to the reign of Richard the First, and throughout the greater part of this long period is illustrated by charters, grants, and privileges. Its historical importance is considerable. Like most other records of great foundations, it diverges frequently beyond its proper limits into the general history of the country, and throws light equally on the progress of manners and the character of events.

Mr. Stevenson, though estimating the Chronicle at no more than its worth, assigns one very odd reason, among others, for putting faith in it. The duller a writer is, the more truthful he thinks him to be. We protest strongly against this theory. Why should not consummate skill in the art of writing co-exist with a profound veneration for truth. On the contrary, the amount of intellect which makes a man capable of the one is likely to imbue him deeply with the other.

We dare say our Abingdon monks were as little inclined as most authors to mis-state what they had to lay before the public—for to some public they certainly in the depths of their hearts addressed themselves. When a man, whether dull or bright, sits down and labours through thousands of pages to tell a story, he is sure fondly to persuade himself that the world, by hook or by crook, will become acquainted with what he writes. A little incident in the Abingdon annals will illustrate what we mean. During the reign of Edmund a dispute arose between the monks and the people of Oxfordshire about the possession of a meadow, which in winter, and rainy weather even in summer, formed an island in the Thames. As the matter proved difficult of settlement, the brethren referred it to heaven, and for three days and nights fasted and prayed. At the end of this time, a happy idea presented itself; they resolved to have recourse to the shield and sheaf—a mode of divination evidently of ancient origin. Taking a round shield, they fixed upright upon it a sheaf of corn, and on the top of this a lighted wax taper. It was then set afloat on the Thames, which ran close to the abbey, and several monks followed in a boat as it pursued its course down the stream. Their antagonists in great numbers lined the opposite bank awaiting the issue. The shield went before them pointing out, as it were with the finger, the possessions of the monastery, floating now hither now thither, first to the right hand, then to the left, till it reached the place where the river divided and flowed in two unequal channels about the meadow. There the waxen taper nodded, and the shield, quitting the main current which had previously hurried it along, drifted away into the little peaceful rivulet, through which it proceeded till it again joined the Thames.

The chroniclers, we fancy, however diminutive may have been the amount of their intelligence, must have known, or at least suspected, that some contrivance was employed to keep

the shield and sheaf to their duty, as without a directing string or a miracle they could hardly have performed what is recorded of them. No remark, however, expressive of doubt, or even of perplexity, is made. The influence of supernatural agency is boldly assumed; while a writer skilled in all the mysteries of composition would probably, by way of explanation, have ventured to insinuate the secret use of material means.

The first chroniclers who undertook to familiarize us with the deeds and wrongs of our forefathers were all Christians, but not being far removed from the precincts of heathendom, instead of regarding as an object of animosity the superstition which had just been overthrown, they looked upon it with shuddering and abhorrence. Hence, so far from seeking to illustrate its working among the people, they exhausted their ingenuity in labouring to turn the public mind into a different channel. Accordingly nothing is more difficult than to form even a rough conception of the religion which our ancestors brought with them into England from the morasses and forests of the North. Mr. Stevenson, however, is perfectly justified in saying that their creed has left indelible traces on the face of all England, from the extremities of Northumberland to the shores of Hampshire and Sussex. The names of numerous places point out localities where temples were erected to Woden, as Wodensborough, in Wiltshire, and Wodenslea, in Berkshire; Balderston, in Lancashire, keeps alive the name of Balder; the God Sætere, after whom is named the last day of the week, is connected in an early charter with Sæthorn, or the sacred thorn; Wigan, with many other towns, reminds us in the midst of our Christian civilization of Wig, the Saxon God of War, to whose service our great-grandfathers dedicated their offspring. Kemble, one of the most accomplished of our Anglo-Saxon scholars, says he could find in England few or no direct traces of the worship of the Goddesses. This difficulty he perhaps created for himself by taking the name of Woden's wife and bestowing it on a male divinity. Still our ancestors do seem to have been sparing of their sacrifices to the Goddess of Love and Beauty; Mr. Stevenson's diligence has been able to discover but one place sacred to Frea, that is Friford—in Domesday Book, Fricelford—a hamlet in Marcham parish, near Abingdon.

In the Penitentials composed immediately after the suppression of Paganism in England, we find well and tree worship denounced and forbidden. But superstition is a thing difficult to kill. The inhabitants of our rural districts mixed up Christianity with Fetishism, and as late as the reign of Canute it was found necessary to enact laws against this peculiar branch of heathenism. Mr. Stevenson, in his Preface to the Abingdon Chronicle, has brought together many illustrations of this primitive superstition, which may be regarded as one of the fringes of the wide-spread worship of deified Nature. This created in Egypt that subtle modification of pantheism which detected the latent divinity sprouting forth in a leek or becoming ravenous in a crocodile. Our ancestors selected their fetishes with a more delicate perception of beauty, and threw into their adoration a much greater amount of poetry. We have still our holy wells, the lineal descendants of those fountains which were so many gods to our Saxon forefathers—they had likewise their sacred thorn, ash and oak, and in general all trees set up to mark the boundaries of districts or even of estates. Groves in all primitive religions were objects of peculiar veneration. We learn from various other sources that in the waste and forest lands, which encircled the

territories of a village, district, *gau* or shire, there were woods so awful in the estimation of the Saxons, that the fear-stricken shepherd anxiously restrained his flocks from straying into them, while the traveller turned away in terror from their precincts. The limits of the sacred grove were often indicated by vast oaks, whose bark was carved all over with rough figures of sheep and cattle, or Runic characters, unintelligible, and therefore full of mystery for the rude natives. In Christian times crosses replaced the runes, but the boundary-trees, generally of great size and beauty, still continued to be objects of veneration. Mr. Stevenson mentions among famous trees the foul oak, so named from the human sacrifices and other abominations which in former days were perpetrated beneath its shadow. Old Adam, of Bremen, speaks of a curious illustration of this sanguinary form of heathenism. In a grove, he says, near Upsala, the bodies of horses, dogs, and men, slaughtered in honour of the gods, were beheld suspended promiscuously from the branches of the trees.

Passing on to Christian times, we find a picture of monachism, drawn by the Editor in colours considerably too bright and glowing. It seems difficult to restrain students of mediæval antiquities from confounding the love of a knowledge of former times with the love of the times themselves. The things, however, by nature are very different. Having their lot cast in a barbarous state of society, and being often only a little less barbarous than their neighbours, the monks had yet a great deal of useful work to do to bring up their contemporaries in matters temporal to their own standing. They attempted this, however, after their own fashion, and certainly in many respects were benefactors to their neighbours. In husbandry, in domestic economy, in trade and commerce, in medicine, surgery, and familiarity with what literature existed, they bore the ark of civilization into dark places and rendered them somewhat less obscure. Acknowledging these facts, however, not only without reserve, but with pleasure, we still object out of respect for truth to the practice, now too commonly pursued, of over-stating their claims to our admiration. For instance, in the present volumes, while examining the means by which the Church obtained its riches, the Editor lays great stress on the hospitality of the monks and clergy. It was not in the character of our Saxon and Norman forefathers, he says, to be always receiving and never giving. This is looking at the question from an extremely peculiar point of view. When the monks arrived in England they brought along with them a few crosses, a few manuscripts, and the garments they stood upright in—nothing more. The process of liberality, therefore, could not commence with them. They must have first received, and that largely too, from our Saxon forefathers—who, whatever other faults they may have had, were by no means niggardly towards the Church—before they could have given. They acquired the broad acres of England by hundreds of thousands, they had arable land and meadow, fishponds and forests, lakes, rivers, towns, the dues of sea-ports, the revenues of whole counties; they erected and inhabited palaces; their kitchens, their larders, their cellars of wine and ale, their store-houses, their refectories, were a marvel even to princes and grandees. To till their lands they possessed whole armies of serfs and slaves, consisting, not only of criminals to whom they afforded sanctuary, but of the unfortunate aborigines, who were handed over to them as live stock by the Kings and Earldom men who endowed their churches and their monasteries. Let us rather say, therefore, in

explanation of their hospitality, that they could not be always receiving and never giving. Public opinion, benighted as it was, would not have tolerated such a state of things. No one could be ignorant that they possessed nothing of their own, and that the wealth they enjoyed was placed at their disposal expressly on condition that they should be hospitable. A fourth part of all their revenues was not theirs to give or withhold,—but, by the fundamental rules of their Order, belonged to such of their neighbours as needed it. This, however, we repeat, is not said by way of disparaging the jovial old Benedictines, but merely to put matters on their proper footing.

The reader, however, may like to see what Mr. Stevenson has to say for his monastic friends, and we therefore subjoin his ingenious pleading:—

The rule of St. Benedict—which was of primary authority with every monastic establishment—contributed the very ingredient which was wanting, and the possession of which was essential to the growth of English prosperity. In opposition to the Germanic view, the founder of western monachism honoured

The nobility of labour, the long pedigree of toil.

It was with him an obligation incumbent upon mankind, a religious duty inferior in its responsibility only to prayer and study,—and the principle was acknowledged and enforced in every succeeding code of monastic legislation. It was carried out into practice, uniformly, consistently, and regularly. None, except the aged, the young, and the infirm, were exempt from the obligation. Benedict thought it a good thing for men to be reminded by their own daily experience that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread; and day by day they toiled in the field as well as prayed in the church. After having been present at the service of Prime, the monks assembled in the chapter-house; the prior assigned to each individual the amount and the quality of the labour on which he was to be engaged during the day; a few short prayers, asking for a blessing upon their work, were next offered up; the tools were then produced, and the brethren marched two and two, and in silence, to their allotted task in the fields. From Easter until the beginning of October, they were thus occupied from six o'clock in the morning, in some instances until ten, in others until noon—the duration of the labour being probably modified according to the locality of the monastery or the nature of the occupation. The more widely the system was diffused, the more extensive were its benefits. In addition to the monks, lay brethren and servants were employed in considerable numbers, and as these received payment in corn, their services in turn demanded the cultivation of an increased extent of arable land. When the quantity thus broken up and brought into tillage so far exceeded the immediate requirements of the monastery as to permit some portions of it to be leased out, payment of rent was made rather in labour and in produce than in money; and numerous privileges of various kinds were granted upon the same conditions. Each monastery became the central point of civilization; its lands were the most productive, its dependents the most prosperous of any in the neighbourhood. Intent upon his petty warfare or his hunting, the rude chieftain cared little for the comfort of either himself or his retainers. With the monks it was otherwise. They were the source not only of intellectual and spiritual light, but of physical wealth and comfort and household blessings. They made many a poor man's home happier than it would have been without them. They were anxious to contribute to the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of their followers. A system such as theirs was, carried out, as we believe it to have been, honestly and as a religious duty, could not fail in becoming productive of the most beneficial results to all who come within the influence of its operation."

A great deal more even than this might be said in favour of the monastic orders; and yet

if we balance the good they effected against the evil they caused, we must hesitate to declare that they were upon the whole friends of civilization. Their influence checked the growth of population,—they turned away the thoughts of men as far as they were able from martial exercises,—they persecuted and hunted down the secular clergy,—they gradually degenerated into slothful epicures or haughty and avaricious landlords,—they were engaged with their neighbours in perpetual disputes about estates,—they forged title-deeds,—they invented and circulated debasing legends, which, counteracting the little education they bestowed, immersed the minds of the people in the grovelling terrors of superstition. Among all these mischiefs the worst two were their hostility to population, and the withdrawing of men's minds from the arts of war. One of the most sensible and learned of their order began, before his death, to doubt the wisdom of immuring princes and nobles in the cloister. The next age, he said, with sorrowful foreboding, must decide whether these institutions be good for the country or not. It did decide, and the decision was written in characters of blood and fire over the whole face of England; for when the Danes came, the Saxons, over-ridden and rendered effeminate by monasticism, fled timidly before those whom, at an earlier stage of their manners, they would have driven headlong into the sea.

Our Abingdon Chronicle is itself very far from being calculated to make us in love with Monasticism. Nothing, throughout its whole extent, is so prominent as the desire of the abbots to grasp at land and the tenacity with which they retained it. To give them estates is to make sure of heaven, while to infringe their privileges or diminish their possessions is to sink with Judas Iscariot to the lowest pit of perdition. There is no evidence anywhere of the cultivation of the intellect. What they call education is learning to repeat legends, to chant litanies or antiphonies, to read the stories of fabulous miracles: to obtain in geography the conviction that the earth is flat; in history, that there was nothing before the achievements of St. Anthony and St. Benedict; in medicine, that the best way of securing health is to sew a weasel's ear in your coat, or a newt's tail in your bonnet.

The abbot and the prior, the cellarer and the kitchener, the refectorius and the chamberlain, their faces rubicund with wine, stalked forth proudly into their town to overlook the secular operations of markets and fairs. In eager colloquy with their vassals, they beheld the keen chapmen of Oxford and London bargaining for ewes or mares, cows, rams, bulls, or horses. On one side, sacks of golden grain were piled up; on the other, cheeses or barrels of strong ale. The rattling of carts, the heavy roll of waggon, the rumbling of barrows, the sharp clatter of trucks, bringing up foreign goods from the quays, refreshed the ears and cheered the heart of the Lord Abbot, since they promised store of gold, and all sorts of delicacies for the cellar and refectory. From his out-houses close at hand you might hear the lowing of cattle, from his stables the neighing of steeds, and from innumerable buildings great and small enjoying the safety of his protection, the laughter of fair-haired women plying the needle or the distaff, or preparing dainties for their lords.

By degrees, the prosperity of the Abingdon markets and fairs excited jealousy and other evil feelings in the minds of the men of Wallingford, who disputed the right of the Lord Abbot to enjoy these sources of wealth. Thence arose a long and expensive contest, which occu-

pied and perplexed all the King's Courts, and the King himself also very often.

Everybody, of course, knows that the name Fair is derived from *feria*, a saint's day or holiday, which, by the barbarous organs of the Frank, was transformed into *foire*, which in our more gentle utterance became fair. Well, *feria*, *foire*, or fair, what was it? Mr. Stevenson shall answer:—

"In accordance with the origin of the term, in the earlier ages of the Church, the fair and the saint's day were identified. That day was at once a holiday in the market and a holy day in the Church. The present use of the word tells us which of the two predominated. * * At first, the two went hand in hand, but this could continue only for a time, one must be dominant. Would religion sanctify commerce, or would commerce secularize religion? For long these fairs preserved the semi-sacred character which had been impressed upon them in their origin; and if the impression grew indistinct and then faded away the effort was made to preserve it. The place of sale was in the immediate vicinity of the church, sometimes in the churchyard; and when for good and weighty reasons it was removed from the consecrated spot, the market-cross was erected as a perpetual memorial that merchantmen are still Christians. Inscriptions were raised calling upon men to deal honestly with each other, not to steal, not to cheat, or defraud a brother in any matter. The wandering friar preached to the crowd which had assembled round the booth of the itinerant merchantman, and the open door was an invitation to enter the church and worship. But despite these counteracting influences, the result was what might naturally have been expected. In the train of business followed pleasure, and men rushed from the one to the other, and gave the go-by to religion. * * Plays were enacted within the church, though forbidden by the Canon Law. Tournaments were held within the churchyard. The law of the land was at length evoked to curb these disgraceful scenes. In the thirteenth year of the reign of Edward the First an Act of Parliament was passed, which declared that thenceforward neither fairs nor markets should be kept in churchyards. So late as the reign of James the First one of the Canons directs 'The churchwardens or quest men, and their assistants, to suffer no plays, feasts, banquets, suppers, churchales, drinkings, temporal courts or leets, juries, musters, or other profane usage to be kept in the church, chapel, or churchyard.'

So far, so good; but custom is stronger than kings or acts of parliament. The legislature in its wisdom might enact, but the people in their obstinacy refused to obey. The fairs stuck to the churchyard; and there are persons now living who remember these displays of commercial activity around St. James's Church, in Bristol, where little spotted horses rolled their wheels over graves, and gingerbread, well gilt and burnished, was eaten from tombstones. The only cure for fairs was to multiply shops, which have now at length accomplished what all the acts of parliament in the world would, without them, have failed to bring about.

It will perhaps be inferred, from what we have said, that the Abingdon Chronicle, as set forth by Mr. Stevenson, is an amusing as well as an instructive book. We would not, however, lay a snare for the reader's feet. To find recreation in a chronicler, a man must possess a peculiar taste,—a fondness for poking in odd corners, and for eliciting, through thick and thin, the sprightliness and comedy of the past. We like such books ourselves, especially when they happen to be introduced and accompanied by men like Mr. Stevenson. At the end of the history there is an Appendix, quite as full of useful information as the book itself.

New Bibliographical Dictionary—[*Trésor des Livres rares et précieux, &c.*] Livraisons I.—IV. By Dr. J. G. T. Grässle. (Dresden, Kuntze.)

THE name of Dr. Grässle is already known to the students of bibliography by his 'Compendium of the Universal Literary History of all the known Nations of the World' ('Lehrbuch einer allgemeinen Literargeschichte aller bekannten Völker der Welt'), a work nominally in three volumes, but really in more than can easily be counted. As the second volume is split into three "Divisions," and each division is sub-divided into "First" and "Second" Half, that volume, in the ordinary way of reckoning, would make no less than six, and the "First Division" of the third volume runs to 1,283 closely-printed octavo pages. In this vast mass of matter the student will discover much that is of value, but he may be pardoned for wishing that both the style of the author and the plan of his work were a trifle more lucid. Of all modern writers of German, Dr. Grässle is perhaps the most perplexed and the most perplexing; and while his book is, to all intents and purposes, a book not for reading but for reference—being, in fact, a sort of classified chronological catalogue of the titles of books, rather than what in England is called a History of Literature—it is extremely difficult to get at the information it affords on any particular point without first examining a score of "passages" that lead to nothing."

The new work of Dr. Grässle is a great improvement in two material points on the former. Its information is thrown into alphabetical order and accessible shape, and it is conveyed in the language in reference to which it has been said, that "whatever is not clear is not French." Whether the boast be well or ill founded, certain it is that Dr. Grässle, at all events, is a much more lucid writer in French than in his native German. The alphabetical plan of arrangement which he has now adopted is also that of his two predecessors, Brunet and Ebert. Their English competitor Lowndes, our most laborious bibliographer after Watt, proposed in his great work on universal bibliography, which was to follow his 'Manual of English Literature,' but of which only a part was executed, to arrange his titles in the order of their class and subject, and to provide for reference to each individual item by an alphabetical index. Of the two, the plan of Lowndes appears to us that which makes a book of the kind the most useful to the student; and when the alphabetical arrangement is adopted, it seems indispensable to add a classified list of contents, which Brunet has done, but Ebert has omitted to do, while Dr. Grässle holds forth no promise on the subject.

The plan of the new 'Bibliographical Dictionary' being the same as Brunet's, the question arises why a new work is required, and the answer of Dr. Grässle is, that the last edition of Brunet's 'Manuel du Libraire' is thirteen years old. To this it may be rejoined, that a new edition is preparing by Brunet himself, the first instalment of which is announced for the present year. A better argument in favour of the new work is found in the fact, that Brunet's range of information is more limited than beseems a bibliographer in these days, when a new world of literature is being added to the old. Dr. Grässle admits that his predecessor is excellent in all that relates to French literature, and sufficiently complete for Italian and Spanish; but he rightly affirms that Brunet leaves much to be wished for with regard to English and the Oriental languages, and is very imperfect for the languages of the Teutonic and

Sclavonic stock. There are, probably, readers who will smile at the mention of these last deficiencies, and some who will even be inclined to consider that a bibliographical work for general use is all the better for not being encumbered with notices of volumes in the Russian and Polish, the Dutch and Scandinavian, and other, outlandish, tongues,—volumes which would be sealed books to the majority of English bookworms, even if placed before them. A little consideration may not be ill bestowed on the subject. Much attention is given at this moment, and more is likely to be given as the war goes on, to the question of the manufacture of fire-arms. The Russian Government employs at Tula the inventions of a certain John Jones, who sold to Russia what his native country, England, would not purchase. To an inventor, or a military man who is in search of information on the subject, it can surely be no uninteresting intelligence to learn that the Russian Government has printed a volume on the processes of the manufactures at Tula, copiously illustrated with diagrams. Though they may be, and may continue to be, ignorant of the Russian alphabet, the knowledge that such a book exists, and is in the British Museum, may be of use to General Peel, to Sir William Armstrong, and to a host of others. The eye, moreover, speaks all languages, and a large number of the expensive books lately issued by the Russian Government are works of illustration. Our naturalists and our antiquarians would often be sadly inconvenienced by the want of books, the plates of which tell them much, though of the text they are unable to read a line. Again, many of the volumes with uncouth titles which now swarm from the press of the East of Europe contain matter in more familiar languages, sometimes in our own. The historical periodical of the Hungarian Academy, 'Történelmi Tar,' gives Italian documents, now first drawn from the depths of Italian libraries; the statements of the Russian official history of the Russian wars in Italy of the end of the eighteenth century are supported in the notes by extracts from the French diplomatic correspondence of the Russian Ambassadors in Paris and London. It may be added, that our English authors lose the enjoyment of some of their own fair fame if they remain in ignorance of the echo it awakens in the largest empire of the globe,—if they have no notion how readers from Novgorod to Irkutsk have been attracted to rival Russian magazines by translations served up fresh of 'Little Dorrit' and 'Pendennis,' and how articles have been written on the best way of spelling in Russian letters the perplexing name of Thackeray. Can it, lastly, be an object of indifference to any enlarged and liberal mind to learn how literary enthusiasm has been awakened by native genius in the language of a nation of more than sixty millions—the largest population as yet that speaks any European language? We all laugh at the story in the jest-book, of the man who, being observed to sit dry-eyed at an affecting sermon while all the rest of the congregation was in tears, gave as an explanation that he "belonged to another parish." How "parochial" must be the soul of the Russian who feels no interest in the name of Byron, or the Englishman who is stirred by no curiosity at the name of Pushkin.

We rejoice, therefore, that in this 'New Bibliographical Dictionary,' from the pen of a German, it is proposed to "attend to the neglected and remember the forgotten" in regions of bibliography in which the darkness has hitherto been too visible. The great recommendation of Ebert's Dictionary was, that in

these respects he was superior to Brunet, and Grässer will evidently be superior to Ebert. It is only in the nature of things that the new Dictionary-maker, with all his diligence, still leaves opportunities for improvement to a successor. The very first entry, indeed, which is that of a Dutch book, happens to present an error of some magnitude. Peter van der Aa's 'Collection of Voyages and Travels'—'Verzameling der gedenkwaardigste Zee-en Land-Reysen,'—is described as "an abridgment of the well-known work of De Bry, to which the bookseller, P. van der Aa, has given the name of J. L. Gotfried." In reality, Van der Aa's work, though founded on that of De Bry, contains numerous voyages made long after De Bry's death, and the name of Gotfried, a pseudonym of J. P. Abelin, is connected with the original series, not with the Dutch translation. It may be added, that it is a serious omission to make no mention of at least two of the more important works of another Van der Aa, a much more meritorious man than Peter. 'The Geographical Dictionary of the Netherlands'—'Aardrijkskundig Woordenboek der Nederlanden,' by A. J. Van der Aa—in thirteen closely printed volumes, issued between 1840 and 1851, presents by far the best gazetteer of the Dutch possessions in the East and West Indies that has ever been given to the public; and his 'Biographical Dictionary of Netherlanders,' commenced in 1852, which has been unfortunately interrupted by the death of its Editor, will, if completed on the scale in which he began it, fill up an important gap in the biographical literature of Europe.

Dr. Grässer is not exempt from one of the ordinary faults of bibliographical compilers, that of exaggerating the rarity of rare books, by adopting without scrutiny the careless or rhodomontading statements of earlier writers. The publisher of the French translation of Acuña's 'Descubrimiento del Rio de los Amazonas,' in 1682, affirmed that it would be difficult to find in the Old and the New World more than two copies of the original, one in the Vatican and the other that from which his translation was made, while at present two copies may be seen in a single library, that of the British Museum, and, a few years ago, a Spanish amateur found several for sale at once in a bookseller's shop in Madrid. In the case of Acuña Dr. Grässer is content to describe the book as "very rare" only, but in another instance he is less cautious. The great Portuguese history of the Portuguese conquests in Asia, by Joam de Barros and Diogo do Couto, was divided into several 'Decades' published at different times and places. "A great calamity," says Manoel Severim de Faria, in his 'Discursos Politicos,' "happened to the sixth 'Decade,' for when the impression was finished in the printing-house, a conflagration took place on the premises and all the volumes were burnt, with the exception of six, which happened to be already in the convent of St. Augustine at Lisbon." This statement, which appeared in print in 1624, only ten years after the printing of the 'Decade' in 1614, was adopted by Nicolas Antonio the great bibliographer of Spain, and has since formed a favourite story with most bibliographers, being finally copied by Dr. Grässer without a hint of suspicion as to its correctness. But if there are really only six copies of the book in the world, it is surely very singular that three of them are under one roof in Great Russell Street. Certain it is, that there is one in the old library of the British Museum, another in the King's Library which forms part of the same establishment, and a third in the Grenville. As all

three are destitute of title-page or of preliminary matter, it seems plain that some damage was done by a fire, but not to the extent that De Faria stated. The Sixth Decade, it should be noticed, is by Diogo do Couto, and not by De Barros, as Dr. Grässer erroneously states, apparently misled by a mistake in the Grenville Catalogue.

Enough, however, of oversights: it is a more pleasing task to call attention to the judicious diligence with which Dr. Grässer has in several instances made use of the monographies of important works which he found in the annotations of their editors,—the 'Amadis de Gaul,' for instance, of Señor de Gayangos, and the Ariosto of Mr. Panizzi. In every bibliographical work there must of necessity be many omissions and many mistakes; but there can be no doubt that this Dictionary will be an important contribution to bibliographical literature, and present to its readers, in a convenient and accessible form, a variety of valuable information that would otherwise have to be sought for in many volumes. We cannot conclude, however, without a friendly recommendation to Dr. Grässer to omit or abridge for the future such articles as that on Aretino, and some of his "congeners." He is complaining of want of space for his bibliography of facts and fancy by retrenching the bibliography of filth.

NEW NOVELS.

Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn. By Henry Kingsley. 3 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)—Mr. Henry Kingsley has here written a work that keeps up its interest from the first page to the last,—it is full of vigorous stirring life, and though an eager reader may be prompted to skip intervening digressions and details, hurrying on to see what comes of it all, he will, nevertheless, be pretty sure to return and read dutifully all the skipped passages after his main anxiety has been allayed. The descriptions of Australian life in the early colonial days are marked by an unmistakeable touch of reality and personal experience. As a novel, however, the 'Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn' is too straggling, too panoramic. The first volume, which contains the previous life and antecedents of the various characters who are to be gathered together in the Australian world, is too diffuse. There are too many details about minor matters, which are not gathered up neatly and dexterously, but allowed to hang loose, a vexatious tax on the reader's powers of memory, for he will find many allusions to things and people he has utterly forgotten. The story has a constant disposition to run wild. The author does not keep it well in check. This arises partly from want of practice in managing stories, but more from exuberance of materials, which are not kept in due subordination. There is no chief hero or heroine—the young lady who plays that part in the first volume, and the cause of "woes unnumbered" to everybody who is nearly or remotely connected with her, subsides in the subsequent pages into little more than a "walking lady," only appearing at intervals, saying little and doing less. She is like the string in sugar-candy, round which the crystals gather, but is no real addition to the mass or the sweetness. Mary Harker is, indeed, an extremely troublesome, selfish, self-willed young woman,—headstrong to follow her humour out, and without any fortitude or good sense to support the briars and thorns which she meets with in the way,—loved a great deal better than she deserves by several worthy men, who are under the hallucination of her charms, causing them endless trouble, and being on the whole as disagreeable to the impartial reader as a spoiled child to a sensible maiden aunt. The other characters are all well drawn, but there is no especial hero amongst them. The conversations are carried on in the language generally spoken by rational beings in their intercourse with each other. This

gives a human interest to the book, and makes it *look true*,—that first charm to children, and to which most readers return after serving their apprenticeship to the seductions of “fine writing” and heroic sentences. The escape of the convicts and the chase after them by Capt. Desborough is the most exciting incident in the book, though too long drawn out. The minor characters, horses and dogs included, are pleasant to make acquaintance with. The descriptions of the scenery of Australia are good,—but the descriptions of scenery are generally received with great ingratitude by the general reader, and authors write them mainly for their own satisfaction. There is an escape from a forest on fire which makes the reader hold his breath. There is an occasional coarseness of expression, which though allowable in the rough and ready intercourse of Bush society, is not admissible under any plea into the artificial precincts of three volumes, post 8vo., no matter who or what the interlocutors may be. Mr. Henry Kingsley, however, has written a book which the public will be more inclined to read than to criticize, and we commend them to each other.

The Old Plantation, and What I gathered there in an Autumn Month. By James Hungerford. (Skeet.)—“The Old Plantation” is very dull reading. It is wearisome with affectation of wit; the story has little or nothing to make it worth the telling, whilst the pictures of family life in the Southern States are faint and flat. The domestic side of the patriarchal and paternal government of “involuntary servitude” is not attractive, though the negroes are represented like the “happy peasantry” on the stage, who dance and sing to commemorate some joyful event in the “good squire’s” family. The one point that struck us was the incidental, matter-of-course mention of the “rope that separated the white and black divisions of the camp,” at a “Revival” meeting; but the fault with which we are called upon to deal is the dullness and insipidity of the story of ‘The Old Plantation.’

The History of Moses Wimble: a Prose Dramatic and Lyrical Epic. Written by Himself. (Skeet.)—There is talent in this volume, but it is rendered negative by the affectation of “Moses Wimble,” hero and autobiographer. There is the consciousness of striving to be witty in every word that is said, whilst the style is a jumbled imitation of ‘The Vicar of Wakefield’ and ‘Tristram Shandy.’ There are snatches of old songs and ballads, intermixed with original verses, some of them very good. If the author would trust to his own nature, and write without striving after witty conceits, he could produce a book worth reading; but ‘Moses Wimble’ will hardly find either patient or gentle readers on the road, through the brief mortality assigned by remorseless fate as the average span of works of fiction. Much peculiarity and whimsicality is forgiven to those who speak in their own tongue,—but the affectation of singularity destroys respect, and is as unbecoming as though a sober citizen in the open streets were to attempt the gambols of Harlequin, which, however admirable in pantomime, would be received as evidences of insanity under any other circumstances.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we Made by It. (Chapman & Hall.)—Does any one aspire to a rural paradise? Who wants that same paradise with “a good-sized dining-room, small drawing-room, and a breakfast-room which may be converted into a school-room; a nursery and five good bed-chambers, a chaise-house and stable for the pony and carriage; a large garden and three or four acres of land”? Why, very many people would rejoice to possess it. But who wants it for nothing? Any one, at all events, may have it on that condition, provided he have sense, patience, and practical knowledge. So we are assured by the lady who compiles this volume, a volume which points to the discovery, within twelve miles from London, of a veritable Far West, where, for seventy pounds sterling per annum the desired blessing was obtained and yielded a profit to the occupier. Not only was the farm of four acres remuneratively cultivated, but there was leisure for the tenants to

read books from a circulating library. We counsel persons of quiet dispositions to study this history, and to decide whether or not the inducements are comparable with the toil and trouble, the churning of butter, the weighing of ducks, the superintendence of pigeons, the attendance upon “sleepy cream,” or the conscientious care of rebellious rabbits.

Christianity in China. A Fragment. By T. W. M. Marshall, Esq. (Longman & Co.)—Those who prefer miracles to common sense, and are willing to believe all Protestant Missionaries ignorant, uneducated, mercenary men, may read this book. We are willing to concede to the writer that such men as Ricci and Verbiest have displayed a character truly apostolic, and that the converts to the Catholic Faith in China have been both numerous and steadfast. But it must be remembered that Catholic missions have been established for centuries on the shores of the Yellow Sea, while the appearance of Protestant Missionaries there is but a thing of yesterday. We must also remind the writer of this book that from Buddhism to Catholicism is a much smaller step than to the practical religion of Protestants. Something also must be allowed for the fact, that Missionaries belonging to the southern nations of Europe may pass comparatively unnoticed among the Chinese, while the Hong Maons of these islands are recognized at once. Above all, we must humble the pride of this boastful writer, by reminding him that Buddhism spread in China literally a hundred times as fast, and a hundred times as far as the religion of the Jesuit teachers before whom he prostrates himself.

Selections from an Antiquarian Sketch-book. By John Edward Lee. (Newport, Mullock.)—Fifteen lithographed sketches in Switzerland, England, Scotland, and Ireland, and on the Rhine and Moselle, serve to mark the leading observations of an amateur sketch-book. The drawings are in themselves unpretending, and without any claim to artistic experience. The letter-press descriptions of the plates are certainly superior to the delineations. But if every gleaner of antiquarian details would take a similar course of communicating them to the world much useful information might be secured.

Narcissus—[*Narcisse*]. By George Sand. (Hachette & Co.)—Madame Dudevant has nodded too frequently of late.—It is true that a certain success of scandal seems to attend a novel by her now in progress; since we observe that a “*He and She*” is announced by another novelist, in answer to her “*She and He*,” which the Paris talkers profess to find personal and unjust. Such miserable work is, to our thinking, only one sign of somnolence more,—like the staring into loud talk, like the stimulus of a pinch of *rappe*, of one who is killed for sleep, as the saying is,—yet will not lie down. But even Madame Dudevant has not heretofore nodded so far forward or so low down as in this ‘*Narcisse*’—book for railway reading, and we conceive her poorest book.—The hero of it is an ex-coffee-house keeper, full of noble views of duty, disinterested sentiments, and those delicacies of mind which recommend him to the notice of an old family friend, Mlle. d’Estorade. This is the heroine: who, besides being a miracle of daintiness, one of the vaporous and plain heroines of a certain age, in whom the novelist has of late taken delight, is a lady of birth, a Sister of Charity, and who begins the tale with bearing the reputation of a “*Fée Carabosse*”—otherwise, as having a hump on her back. Her convent, however, is got rid of, also her hump, as the tale goes on.—Mlle. d’Estorade is compromised by showing a sisterly and charitable kindness to a certain Albany, a singer—one of those impossible and incomplete artists who are to be found nowhere save in Madame Dudevant’s novels. Falling under suspicion because of her sisterly kindness, this *Una* takes for champions her neighbour the coffee-house keeper and his lodger the writer of the tale,—an old married man who, without any long knowledge of the antecedents of the hero and heroine,—is forthwith accepted by them as witness, adviser, ghostly counsellor. While setting their affairs to rights, ridding the heroine of Albany, and encouraging her to un-clotster herself, the writer also manages to bring her old lover, Narcisse, to her feet;

and the dear lady, without any great vocation for matrimony, takes up the song of *Millamant*, and saying, “I think I must take him,” consents to become his wife.—All this, be it noted, happens in the midst of a small, remote provincial French town. Nay, so resolute is Juliet to make Narcissus happy, that, albeit stricken with a mortal illness, she chooses to be dressed up in white, and to be married to the dear man a few minutes before her death. It is only by simple narration that the worse than common folly of tales like this can be made credible. There is nothing to shock decorum in ‘*Narcisse*’; but the sense of probability could hardly, by any combination, be more completely outraged; and the telling of the story is dull. How are we to explain the production of such weary nonsense by one, with all her faults, so eloquent and so striking as Madame Dudevant?

Of religious publications we have on our table Dr. Cumming’s *Ruth: a Chapter in Providence* (Hall, Virtue & Co.),—an improved and condensed edition of *Scripture and Science not at Variance* (Hatchard), with remarks on the historical character, plenary inspiration, and surpassing importance of the earlier chapters of Genesis, by John H. Pratt, Archdeacon of Calcutta,—*Prayers for Social and Family Worship*, prepared by a Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland (Blackwood & Sons),—A series of papers upon the *Broken Unity of the Church*, the mode of its restoration, and other subjects connected with the present times (Pewtrress),—*Man! his Creation, Preservation and Immortality; or, Past, Present and Future*, by Mr. J. Mortlock (Wertheim),—A few pleasant and timely words to those who are “Thinking about it;” *On the Common Sense of Life Assurance*, by Man of the Times (Hogg),—First series of *Brief Essays* on the subjects of Self-Examination, Wasted Hours, Energy, Success, Economy and Intolerance, by Clara Walley (Hertford, Austin),—and the second series of ditto on Innocence, the Test of Sincerity, Repentance, Liberality, Charity, Woman’s Duties versus Woman’s Rights, and National Wealth and National Want (same publisher),—A Memorial Lecture on the Burning of the Seven Martyrs in Maidstone, in the year 1557, entitled *The King’s Meadow*, by the Rev. H. H. Dobney (Ward),—*Religious Intolerance*, by the Hon. Marmaduke C. Maxwell, being a statement of facts with reference to the appointment of a Matron to the Crichton Royal Institution, Dumfries, (Edinburgh, Marsh & Beattie),—A few remarks by an A.M. of the Church of England on the *Approaching Fall of the Church of Rome and the Coming of our Lord* (Wertheim);—then a Layman tells us that *Efficient Church Extension is Immediately Possible* (Islip),—and Mr. Beresford Hope sends us his speech on moving the rejection of the *Church Rates Abolition Bill* (Stanford).

On educational subjects we have received the first division of *That’s It* (Houlston & Wright): or Plain Teaching on the Atmosphere, Geography, Insects, Fishes, and Artificial Light, by the Author of the ‘Reason Why,’ which contains nearly 100 pages of small type and 300 wood engravings, and all for the marvellously small sum of nineteenpence;—Here is also Mr. Henry Hennessy’s *Essay on Freedom of Education* (Dublin, Kelly), read at the Meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science,—and, lastly, we have two separate papers from the United Association of Schoolmasters, the first by Mr. Morell, *On the Progress of Society in England as affected by the Advancement of National Education*, read before the Association in the house of the Society of Arts, —the other by the Rev. Canon Richson, *On the Difficulties of the “Education Question,”* read at the same place (Hamilton, Adams & Co.).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Balfour’s *Lessons from Jesus*, fc. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Beoher’s *Life Thoughts*, 1st and 2nd Series, 1 vol. fc. 2s. 6d.
Black Knight; or, the Unknown Crusader, fc. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
Blairie’s *Bible History with General History*, cr. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Book of Revelations arranged in Synchronical Columns, 2s. 6d.
Brown’s *Universal History*, 10 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Brown’s *History of Rome*, Vol. 5, cr. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Chapman’s *Treatment of Ulcers* on the Leg, 3rd ed. 3s. ed. cl.
Christy’s *Minstrels*, New Songs, with Symphonies, &c. ed. Wade, 4s.
Constable’s *Edie* Series, Maclean’s *Guide to Bookkeeping*, 4s. cl.
Constitution of the Church of England, 1847, 1s. cl.
Conversations on the Church Catechism, 2 vols. fc. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
De Quincey’s *Works*, Vol. 2, Style and Rhetoric, &c. cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Dicksee’s *School Perspective*, illust. 8vo. 5s. cl.

in the city. In case of any popular movement taking place, the Commandant of the Fortezza da Basso had orders to fire three guns,—a signal to be answered by three more guns from the Fortezza di Belvedere, and then, and not till then, the sealed orders were to be opened. This morning the popular movement *did* take place, but by a change in the programme, on which the prudent projectors by no means counted (the fraternization of the troops with the people), the first effect of the rising was to hoist the huge tricoloured banner on the very walls of the Fortezza da Basso, which rang with shouts of "*Viva la Guerra!*" from the soldiery within and the people without, while the guns of course kept a discreet silence.

When half-past nine o'clock came, and the Palazzo Pitti heard the shouts and saw the banners, but missed the gun-signal which was expected to work on these ugly phantoms of nationality like cockcrow on a flight of ghosts, the Grand-duchess, accompanied by her second son, the Archduke, who was Colonel of the Artillery, set out in person for the Fortezza di Belvedere by the private way through the Boboli Gardens. The Grand-duke was at that moment at the Council, doggedly refusing every concession to the entreaties of his people. Arrived at the fortress, their Royal Highnesses summoned the whole of the officers to their presence, and caused the Commandant to open and read aloud the *sealed orders*. The reading lasted some twenty minutes, and at its close the whole audience, with the exception of the Royal visitors, stood breathless with wonder and indignation,—as well they might. The sealed orders prepared so long before contained a minutely-particularized plan for the repression of any popular movement by the following infallible means. While both the fortresses were to fire down upon the defenceless city, the troops were directed to advance through all the great thoroughfares in triple file, that in the centre with fixed bayonets, and those on the right and left trottoirs firing in each at the windows of the houses on the opposite side of the street!

Truly, a more atrocious project for trampling out in blood the aspirations of a people which, at least in modern times, has never been guilty of any excess which should call for harsh or sanguinary coercion, was never laid as a damning sin at the door of any ruler. A dead silence followed the reading of this precious document. The officers stood with heads bowed down, and did not venture to look each other in the face. At last, the Archduke said, "Gentlemen! you have heard your orders. I think no comment is needed. It is for you now to do your duty." And with that he would have dismissed them forthwith. But one of the young officers present respectfully but firmly answered him, "I think your Highness cannot be aware of the state of the city, nor of the disposition of the troops, or you would not require of us the pursuance of such a line of conduct. The movement is a *national* one, and expresses our desires as well as those of the people."—"Be silent!" broke in the Archduke, "what right have you to speak?" But the stout-hearted officer did speak, nothing daunted, while he owned that the so doing was in fact an act of insubordination; and so much to the purpose did he speak that the Archduke could no longer doubt that no co-operation was to be expected from the military in opposition to the popular movement. The young lieutenant (he was but a lieutenant) who had so nobly stood the first brunt of the storm, now gave place to other interlocutors, who, by every variety of persuasion, attempted to convince, against their will, the unconvinced Highnesses, and he meanwhile hurried off with a brother officer to the *corps de garde* at the Palazzo Pitti, to prevent the possibility of the performances of the monstrous commands contained in the sealed orders. They found the soldiers there quietly at breakfast, and seeing that for the present there was nothing to be feared from that quarter, they left them with the strict injunction not to move unless in obedience "to fresh orders from their superiors;" and hurried back to the fortress where they arrived in time to find the Grand-duchess, true sister of her brother Bomba, haranguing the assembled officers with most eloquent invectives, and crying, "So you are

all of you traitors to us, are you? not even our persons are safe now in your hands."

"Nay," replied one of the officers, "we are ready to defend your Highness and your family with our lives if need be, as is our duty; but that which your Highness demands of us lies beyond our duty, and therefore we cannot do it." So after a stormy discussion in high and impotent wrath the royal personages broke up the conference, and the result is already a matter of notoriety. And thus was accomplished a revolution not only unmarked by any act of violence, but unaccompanied even by the interruption of the ordinary avocations of the citizens, or so much as a harsh word except those of the royal personages above recorded. TH. T.

Rome, April.

The Venus di Guidi, for so should it be known to the world, it having been discovered by that indefatigable excavator, Cavaliere Guidi, continues to command as much admiration as ever. Together with Guidi and a sculptor, I paid her another visit yesterday; and whilst there crowds of persons were coming and going. In fact, the Venus di Guidi has created one of the greatest sensations of the season, and with reason, for, after making the few deductions which hypercriticism may suggest, beauties enough remain to entitle this statue to one of the loftiest niches in the Temple of Art. I have already told you that it was found outside the Porta Portese, in some ground belonging to Cavaliere Guidi, and which he had been working for some time in the expectation of finding works of Greek Art. In fact, it was conjectured or known that Augustus had a villa on this site, and this impression gave encouragement to our excavator. As yet, two or three small fragments are wanting, but every exertion is being made to find them, and little doubt is entertained of success, but even though they should not be found, the statue is, comparatively speaking, so perfect, that the very trifling restorations which are necessary might be made with the greatest ease and security.

Besides the Venus, Guidi has found also on the same site a small statue of Abundance, of great merit, and a *basso rilievo* of great beauty. The excavations are being continued, and it is more than probable that I shall have to report other discoveries of great artistic value. After feasting my eyes on the Venus, we adjourned to a piece of land close to the splendid ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, and belonging to Cavaliere Guidi. It is a large vineyard, but fragments of statues and *bassi rilievi* and capitals lay about in wild profusion.

In the centre of the ground there are indications of a recent excavation. A large space has been opened, perhaps to the depth of forty feet, below the ruins of the adjacent baths, and the interesting remains that have been discovered there are of a date consequently prior to that of the baths. As yet, the workmen are in the first stage of the excavation, but there is great promise of rich results. On descending by a ladder, we came upon a mosaic pavement of black and white tesserae. There were a number of narrow corridors, and small rooms half choked up with soil, which there had not been time to remove; but the frescoes on the walls were so well preserved, and of such beautiful design and execution, that we were struck with wonder. Not to speak of the borders as centre pieces, I observed two heads of Medusa, a large female figure floating in the air, birds of the most brilliant blue and red colours, and of very elegant forms, horns, and obscure emblems. So little is the advance, however, that has been made, that I was compelled to crawl over *débris*, and poke my head into various holes in order to catch a glimpse of these fine specimens of Art. It would be difficult to determine what this building was used for; in fact, it may be only a very inconsiderable portion of a much larger structure. It is certain that it was built before the time of the erection of the Baths of Caracalla, and was, perhaps, covered over by them; and it is also pretty certain that the works of Art discovered here must be of higher merit, because belonging to a purer age than that of Caracalla. The general supposition is, judging from the small size of the rooms, and the obscure emblems, that the building

was a Lupinara, but it is mere conjecture. On emerging from these excavations, the Cavaliere, pointing to his large vineyard, said, "In the autumn I shall work the whole of this ground, and carry away all this soil." Around his house, and in the cellars, there is a prodigious quantity of fragments of greater or less interest. His collection of old Roman bricks, with bulle upon them, is large and valuable. There were several sarcophagi, with human skeletons well preserved in them, and one sarcophagus had been sealed by the Government. A skeleton with pontifical garments had been found in it; on the skull was a large sponge, and just beneath it the hair was perfect, but a large hole in the skull showed that the person had died a violent death. Piety made the deceased a martyr, and closed the sarcophagus. In another building, also crowded with relics of ancient Art, Guidi showed us some ivory pins adorned with gold, and a skull full 2,000 years old, said he, with remarkably beautiful teeth, and an *obolus* in the mouth. "I had another," he said, "of a similar kind, but I sent it as a present to England." Here, also, we were shown an Etruscan vase, and a *patera* which Guidi had recently presented to the Prince of Wales, who had visited the spot I have been describing, and examined them with great minuteness. The Venus di Guidi is still unsold, and there does not appear to me to be any great eagerness on the part of the proprietor to alienate it. He has received several offers of 10,000 scudi, or upwards of 2,000 £., but he is either standing out for a higher price, or is unwilling to deprive himself of so beautiful a work of Art.

Besides the excavations above described, the Cavaliere, in conjunction with Visconti, is conducting those at Ostia. With the wonderful discoveries made there last year you have already been made acquainted. At present 200 workmen are engaged there, but of late nothing of any great importance has been brought to light, except it be "some *bassi rilievi*." The Pope is to visit Ostia on the 28th inst. Excavations are going on also on a site called St. Alessandro, near Rome, and the Cavaliere Guidi has been requested by Cardinal Marini to superintend them on account of the Propaganda.

H. D.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Prof. Owen has been elected one of the eight foreign Associates of the French Institute, Department of the Academy of Sciences, in place of the great botanist, Robert Brown.

Miss Glyn announces a series of Readings from Shakespeare, to be given at St. Martin's Hall. The first night is fixed for Monday next — play, 'Macbeth.'

A Talking Fish is announced as on public view somewhere in Piccadilly. It comes to town labelled as a real wonder of the world by several provincial papers. The Queen of Spain, we are told, has seen it; the Queen of England is anxious to see it. Now, such a real wonder might have been expected to rely on its own powers of attraction, without taking a leaf from the Book of Humbug lately produced at St. James's Hall by an eminent professor of the art. Only a year or two ago, an American actor, on his return to New York, boasted that he could have bought up the whole London press at the price of so many pots of beer. What may have been the exact character of the Yankee's relations with "the gentlemen of the press" we were of course not told; they may have commenced in the Haymarket and closed in the Cyder Cellars; but the science of which Barnum is chief professor still counts, it would appear, on the possibility of a little decorous corruption of the press. The following circular has reached the journals:—

"Piccadilly.

"The proprietor of the Talking and Performing Fish presents his compliments to the Editor of the _____, and will be proud of his presence (or representative) at the private Exhibition, on Wednesday, May 4, at any time between the hours of 11 and 5 o'clock. Dinner (to which gentlemen present at the private view are respectfully invited) at the Gordon Hotel, 3, Piazza, Covent Garden, at 6 o'clock."

—We ourselves declined to take champagne with

the Talking Fish, and hope that many of our brethren in Letters did the same. The purpose of this Fish dinner obviously was to put wine into the ink. The public were to see the Talking Fish under a post-prandial hue. By the higher members of the press we know that such hints at corruption are spurned with anger; and we confidently hope that no English gentleman who wields a pen in the public service could be found to accept so coarse a bribe. It is time that showmen and speculators should be warned that humbug is not omnipotent, —that offers of a kind like the above are insults, —and that proceedings which are not frank and fair towards the public may have an effect the very reverse of that which had occurred to the speculative mind.

Mr. Tennyson's new poem, 'Idylls of the King,' is, we are glad to hear, in the printer's hands, and will shortly be published.

Dr. John Percy, Lecturer on Metallurgy at the Government School of Mines, is preparing for publication a great work on 'Metallurgy; or, the Art of extracting Metals from their Ores and adapting them to various Purposes of Manufacture.' The work will embrace the whole subject, under the following heads:—1. General Principles of the Science; 2. Fuel; 3. Materials used in Metallurgical Constructions; 4. Special Metallurgical Processes, including Assaying.

Mr. Woolner wishes us to correct a statement which was partly an error of the pen:—

" 27, Rutland Street, Hampstead Road, May 2.

"In the kind notice of me in your article upon the Oxford Museum, it is stated that 'Great Verulam, starry Galileo, Newton, Leibnitz, and Oersted have fallen to the lot of Mr. Woolner.' Lord Bacon is the only one of these which I have executed or have accepted the commission for. I should feel greatly obliged by your making this correction in the next number of the *Athenaeum*. Trusting that you will pardon this trespass upon your time, — I am, &c. THOMAS WOOLNER."

—Mr. Munro, we understand, is engaged on the starry Galileo, Newton, and some other of the Oxford statues.

Men of science have always been the last to recognize the social effect of an European complication. Within the last few days an address, from the British Branch of the International Association for obtaining a Uniform System of Measures, Weights, and Coins, has been prepared for presentation to the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, urging the latter to assist in the establishment of an international branch in Russia. The address, which we believe will be transmitted by Sir Roderick Murchison to Count Blondof, is signed by Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin; Lord Fortescue; Lord Shaftesbury; Mr. J. B. Smith, M.P.; Mr. James Yates; Dr. Dawes, Dean of Hereford; Lord Rosse; Prof. Owen; Prof. Barlow; Mr. Babbage; Prof. Hofmann; Sir David Brewster; Sir William Hooker; Sir James South; Dr. Granville; Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., General Secretary; Mr. John Pope Hennessy, and Mr. Thomas Mitchell, Honorary Secretaries; and Mr. Wright, Assistant Secretary. The coming war will probably prevent the Association from doing very much in Russia for the next few years. People interested in this international question will regret it the more because of late there was every reason to hope for success in that quarter. The principles of the metrical system are now very generally used in Russia in engineering, and other scientific operations; and some excellent papers on the subject have just been published in the *Morskoi Sbornik*.

Mr. E. V. Rippingille, an artist of considerable merit, but better known a quarter of a century since than of late years, died suddenly on Good Friday, at a railway-station, near Birmingham. His chief works were, 'The Progress of Drunkenness,' and 'The Country Post Office.' One of his pictures is in the Vernon Gallery. He died of disease of the heart.

The general meeting of the Camden Society was held on Monday last, Mr. Bruce in the chair, owing to the unavoidable absence of the Marquis of Bristol, the President of the Society. The Report of the Auditors showed the continued prosperity of the Society. The Council congratulated the

Society on the important steps now taking by the Master of the Rolls (with the sanction of the Government) for the promotion of English Historical Literature, by the publication of Calendars of our State Papers and editions of our Early Chronicles. It was observed that "whilst those publications are in progress some portion of the original design of the Society will probably fall into partial abeyance; but this is not a circumstance which will be in any degree detrimental to the Society. On the contrary, the limitation of its operation to Documents, Letters, Diaries, Poems, and other works not contemplated by the Master of the Rolls, will probably tend to advance the interest and popularity of the Society's publications, and will justify the Council in printing historical illustrations of a more recent date." The following gentlemen were elected Members of the New Council for the ensuing year:—Messrs. Salt, Albert Way, and M. Varney.

—*Journal of Richard Symonds, an Officer in the Royal Army, temp. Charles I.*, edited by C. E. Long, Esq., M.A. (Nearly ready.) ‘Narratives of the Days of the Reformation, and the contemporary Biographies of Archbishop Cranmer: selected from the Papers of John Foxe the Martyrologist,’ edited by J. G. Nichols, Esq. (Nearly ready.) ‘Surrenden Papers. From the Originals in the possession of Sir Edward Dering, Bart.,’ edited by the Rev. L. B. Larking, M.A. (In the Press.) ‘Letters of George Lord Carew, afterwards Earl of Totnes, to Sir Thomas Roe,’ edited by J. Maclean, Esq. (In the Press.)—The following have recently been added to the list of suggested publications—1. A ‘Selection from the Case-Book of Sir Theodore Mayerne, illustrative of the Personal Characteristics, Habits, Peculiarities &c. of almost all the Historical Celebrities of the reign of James I. and Charles I.,’ to be edited, with translations where required, by V. Sternberg, Esq.—2. ‘Privy Purse Expenses of King William III.,’ to be edited by J. Y. Akerman, Esq.—3. ‘A historical Narrative of the two Howses of Parliament, and either of them, their Committees and Agents,’ violent Proceedings against Sir Roger Twysden,’ from the original in the possession of the Rev. L. B. Larking.—4. ‘Narrative of the Services of M. Dumont Bostquet in Ireland,’ to be edited by the Rev. J. H. Todd, D.D.—5. ‘The Correspondence of Sir Robert Cotton, from the Cottonian MS. Julius C. III.,’ to be edited by the Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A.—6. ‘The Household Books of William Lord Howard, “Belted Will,”’ to be edited by J. Crosby, Esq.—7. ‘A Diary of Mr. Henry Townsend, of Elmley Court, co. Worcester, for the years 1640-42, 1656-61, from the original MS. in the possession of Sir T. Phillips, Bart.,’ to be edited by Mrs. Everett Green.—8. ‘Sir Sackville Crowe’s Account of the Privy Purse Expenses of the Duke of Buckingham,’ to be edited by J. Forster, Esq.—9. ‘A Register of the Priory of St. Mary, Worcester, containing an account of the Lands and Possessions of the Church in the early part of the Thirteenth Century,’ to be edited by the Ven. Archdeacon Hale.

The Rev. James Graves, of Kilkenny, sends us the transcript of a letter written by Lady Morgan, then Miss Sydney Owenson,—“which proves that in her seventeenth year (supposing 1777 to be the period of her birth) she was at a boarding-school in Dublin. The letter bears the Dublin post-mark, and the allusion to Marlborough Street is also conclusive. The affectionate intercourse which this letter (otherwise not very remarkable) shows to have existed between father and daughter is very creditable to both.” The letter runs—

"I have so often expatiated on the subject of suspense, that it would be mere tautology to say what I have felt at my Dr Papa's long silence; or rather to attempt saying, for sensations of that kind are easier conceived than express'd, and that your Dr Father disappated my fears, yet I am not free from uneasiness. That affection which is ever alive in the bosom of a fond child shrinks with sensitive feeling from the touch of apprehension, and is only to be convinced by ocular demonstration. Thus (unthankful as I am) I shall never be happy until I see you comfortably seated by the

fire side in our little parlor, and myself still more comfortably seated on y^r knee (provided the burden be not too heavy) listening attentively while you the 'tale unfold,' and when 'tis finished I may exclaim with Desdemona 'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true'; but the quotation would not be applicable to every part of your unfolded tale, as the conduct and benevolent attention of y^r Physician and Mr. Brennan merit a better reflection; when I think on their goodness to you the words of Madame de Genlis always occurs to my mind, 'Virtue may be acquired, but goodness is a gift of nature,' and nature has been so profuse in that respect to both Gentlemen, that if acquired virtue had a mind to step in, she would not find a single vacant spot to take possession of: what happiness it would give me to return personal thanks to these friends in the most literal sense of the word is needless to say, as every friend who by their efficacious endeavours have contributed to the restoration of my Dr Papa's health must be dear to me. You complain that I am sparing of my paper, but really My Dear Sir if you were enclosed within the walls of a boarding school y^r self, you would find something to say no easy matter. As for news you will see more in a day's paper than I could send you in a week; and for writing on any subject that may occur, it is not so easy as you *Beaux esprits* imagine. The muses, like all other ladies, are whimsical and inconstant, and it requires no little art to keep in their good graces. At one time they will preside over every line, at another they will scarcely deign to look over y^r shoulder: so you may always judge of my Muse's temper by the style of my letter. We spent two delightful evenings at Mrs. Lynch's Marlborough st. She is the most hospitable and the best natured woman I ever met with. There is a very fine grand forte piano, and I am highly gratified with my favorite amusement. We are to drink tea there tomorrow eveing. I should not have visited them only I was pretty sure of y^r permission, as it was y^r wish I should go the Play with them one night, and any one you would wish me to appear in public with, I am sure you would have no objection to in private. I sent Molly to Mr. Dixon's, who says there is no one in the world he would so soon have as yourself, and that tho' more than one have been about them he has kept them for you. You can have a drawing room and dining room, and bed chamber on the first floor, and bed chamber on the second, with kitchen entirely to y^r self for 40 guineas per year, they are fitted up in a very elegant style, all the rooms are new papered and painted, and the hall and staircase new oil-clothed, he begs you will write to him by return of post as the rooms are damp, and would require airing. Let me know for certain when we may expect you in town. God bless you my Dr Papa, take care of y^r self. "S. OWENSON.

"I sent today to Mr. Lea's for some music, he seem'd quite pleased that I did so, and begg'd I would send when ever I wanted any.

"Mr. Owenson, Theatre, Cork."

—So very little is known of Lady Morgan's early life—and so much debate has been held upon it in the political and literary squabbles of party men and women—that any light is welcome. This letter shows that, although Mr. Owenson was only a theatrical manager in an Irish provincial town, his daughter was in the way of gaining the education of a gentlewoman. In other respects the letter is characteristic. The sentiment—the frolic—the quotation from De Genlis—are all of a-piece with the manner of this brilliant lady to the last hour of her life.

ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION of the Royal Academy is NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight till Seven o'clock), One Shilling. Catalogues, One Shilling. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

Shilling. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.
SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

The NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.
—The TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this
Society is NOW OPEN at their Galleries, 33, Pall Mall, near
St. James's Palace, daily from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.;
SEASON TICKETS, 5s. JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

‘THE DERBY DAY’ by W. P. FRITH, R.A., is now ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond Street. Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, One Shilling.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 120, Pall Mall.—The SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Also, in the same building, the WORKS of DAVID COX.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. each. From Ten till Six.

VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY.—NOW OPEN, Daily, from Ten till Six; Evening, from half-past Seven till Ten.—Admission, 1s. The Exhibition contains a Series of Large Historical Pictures, by L. W. Desanges, illustrating the deeds of those who won the Victoria Cross of Valour.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

MISS GLYN at ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—ON MONDAY, May 11, Miss GLYN will read Shakespeare's Tragedy of MACBETH.—Area, 1s.; Balconies, 2s.; Stalls, 3s. Tickets to be obtained at the Hall; and at the principal Musicals. Doors open at a Quarter-past Seven; commence at Eight.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Patron, H. R. HIGNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT.—Lecture by Mr. E. V. GARDNER, Professor of Chemistry, on the PHILOSOPHY of MAGIC, with brilliant Experiments.—Splendid series of DIS-SOLVING LECTURES, by Mr. H. L. DUNN, on the HUMOUR OF MELODIES OF OLD ENGLAND.—Lecture by Mr. J. L. KIRK, on "PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT MADE SCIENCE" in EARNEST.—THE OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE.—MODELS IN MOTION, &c. &c.—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," by the ST. GEORGE'S CHOIR, every Wednesday Evening at Eight.—R. J. LONGBOTTON, Esq.

DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, top of the Haymarket (open for Gentlemen only).—Dr. Kahn will deliver his Lecture, daily, at Three and a half past Four, till half-past Six, on the following important and interesting topics in connexion with Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology (vide Programme). Admission, 1s.—Dr. Kahn's Lectures, &c., free by post for twelve stamps, direct from the Author, 17, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF ANATOMY and SCIENCE, 399, OXFORD STREET, nearly opposite the Princess's Theatre.—This splendid Institute is now complete, and Dr. DAVID GIBSON LEE, M.D., from Eleven till Ten p.m., Popular Lectures take place six times every day, illustrated by Scientific Apparatus, and the most superb Collection of Anatomical Specimens and Models in the world: also extraordinary natural wonders and curiosities.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, Free.—A really splendid collection.

SCIENCE

Paley's Moral Philosophy. With Annotations by R. Whately, D.D. (Parker & Son.)

THE time will come when, in putting together the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Paley and Whately will be objects of comparison. That the second came after the first will be held to account for the second being the one who edited the other,—and for many things besides. Paley did for Ethics what Whately afterwards did for Logic, introduced the subject to a much-extended class of readers by a new, clear, and attractive work.

The Archbishop has confined himself to the book on *Moral Philosophy*, to the exclusion of the *Political Philosophy*. His share of the edition consists in certain *Annotations* which follow the chapters: as these are in the same type as the text, the reader will do well to remember that the heading of the page consists of the word "*Annotations*" when Dr. Whately, and not Paley, is the writer.

The primitive fault of Paley's work is his treatment of the fundamental question of moral obligation. He denies to mankind the innate faculty of feeling a right and a wrong: that is, he denies the existence of the *moral sense*. Good and evil are deduced differences; meaning not merely that whether this or that be good and evil is to be decided by reflection, but meaning that the very sentiment of moral good as a thing different from moral evil is without any original existence in our minds. His celebrated case is as follows:—Toranius betrayed his father to the political enemies who wanted to kill him, and did kill him. Tell this story, asks Paley, to the wild boy caught in the woods of Hanover; would he feel any degree of *our sentiment of disapprobation*? Paley decides that he would not. But he demands, in his wild boy, the notion of paternal relation, of death, and of vindictive feeling. We think that the sophism might be very easily exposed. Imagine the wild boy taken from the woods, comfortably fed and lodged, and kindly treated. In a few days he falls on the fire, and gives himself a severe burn: a surgeon is called in, who speedily alleviates the pain, and works the cure. Let it be suggested to the young savage to push the surgeon into the fire, to which let him be

tempted by the offer of some food for which he has shown a particular liking. Will he do it? We not only believe that he would not, but, unless we had good reason for confidence in our own strength, we would rather not take the risk of offering the suggestion. If any one should say that this is only gratitude, and that personal associations of kindness received are in operation, we answer that the question is about *moral sense*, *moral feeling*, not *moral reason*; and that it is absurd to expect the young savage to show any feeling, except about himself, until he has some habits of his own. It is equally absurd to expect from him a moral decision on any abstract question whatever: if he is to be indignant against ingratitude, it must be by repelling the proposal made to himself about himself. But what we may think is not the question: the question is whether Paley would have ventured to put the point to issue on the preceding view of the case. He does not see that he is trying the question, not of *moral sense*, but of *innate maxims* of morality: he denies the sense of taste because the infant does not know by taste the distinction of wholesome and unwholesome. Using the word *moral sense* to begin with, which ought to mean *feeling*, he disputes it because there is no moral *judgment*, or power of deciding moral questions.

And as if to choose an instance which should bewilder the reader, he presents a case out of classical antiquity, stated in abstract terms, to Peter the wild boy! We have no doubt many a young reader has been mystified by the juxtaposition, and has decided not so much by his own self-knowledge and reading, as by a lurking idea that Peter of the woods could never have formed an opinion about the conduct of Caius Toranius as narrated by Valerius Maximus.

The moral sense, the constitutional tendency of the mind to approve or disapprove conduct, is most sophistically treated when demand is made that it should begin by judging between other parties. Its experiments begin upon self; and children show it, with reference to themselves, even to the extent of attributing right and wrong to inanimate objects. It was not the nurse who first taught the child to beat the naughty floor when a tumble had taken place: it was the child who made it a nurse's tradition; it was the child whose first lessons of right and wrong were so well adapted to something within its mind, that it was ready to extend the results. This sentiment is what ought to be meant by the *moral sense*. It is not pretended that this feeling is a guide to discern between right and wrong, in any of the nicer cases, or in any of the controverted cases. But its existence can no more be denied on that account than the existence of the sense of taste can be denied because it cannot without experience know whether the meat presented to it is raw or cooked. From earliest infancy the palate knows that milk is to be accepted, and rhubarb to be rejected: it learns in time to discriminate finer differences, on which teaching and circumstances produce variety of results. But only within a certain range: for to the end of life milk is milk, and rhubarb is rhubarb. And so it is with the moral sense.

Paley, by his rejection of the moral sense, is bound to find a substitute; and he accordingly defines virtue as the doing good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness. Dr. Whately, after remarking that, after rejecting the moral sense on account of the discrepancy in men's moral judgments, Paley introduces the good of mankind, on which men differ greatly, and the will of God, on which they differ as much, cites a Roman book circulated at this very time in Ireland. In this book heretic

burning is palliated, if not defended, by alleging that the burners had a sincere conviction that they were doing good, and saving souls. Neither Paley nor Whately draws a sufficient distinction between the private law which is to guide the conscience, and the public law by which society is to restrain the individual. Take what definition we may, there will always be grounds of argument, when argument only is in question, on which any sort of conduct may be defended. The bias of party, of kindred, or of friendship, will find apology for anything short of what entails legal infamy, if not for something a little beyond. This puts the whole subject into such a difficulty that there is no writing for the mass of mankind upon it. There is no power of compelling any first principles whatever. And yet mankind are tolerably well agreed upon great points, however much their application of principle may be biased by circumstances. In the mean time, every book on morals ought to treat of every foundation, to show that its conclusions agree with all the principles which command attention; or, on such minor points of difference as may arise, to compare the principles by comparison of their conclusions. Nor is any other method either practicable or practised in the every-day discussions of educated men.

The Archbishop has rendered Paley's work a great service by bringing before the young student sufficient suggestions on the controversy about the foundation of morals. There is not too much of annotation: the reader would rather desire more. Both Paley and his annotator are readable writers: and we are glad to see the old text-book *signature presente notd*.

SOCIETIES

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 3.—Anniversary Meeting.—In consequence of St. George's Day falling in Passion Week, the Anniversary for the election of Council and officers was held this day, when the following gentlemen were unanimously elected:—Eleven members from the old Council:—President, Earl Stanhope; C. O. Morgan, Esq., J. Bruce, Esq., and Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart., Vice-Presidents; F. Ouvry, Esq., Treasurer; A. W. Franks, Esq., Director; J. Whatman, Esq., the Marquis of Bristol, J. W. Jones, Esq., Rev. C. Kingsley, W. Tite, Esq. Ten Members of the new Council:—W. D. Cooper, Esq., Right Hon. C. T. D'Eyncourt, E. Hawkins, Esq., Lord Henniker, J. J. Howard, Esq., Rev. T. Hugo, R. H. Major, Esq., Sir T. Phillips, Bart., W. Salt, Esq., W. J. Thoms, Esq. J. Y. Akerman, Esq., Secretary.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—April 27.—W. Tooke, Esq., in the chair.—W. Longman and G. Thornton, Esq.s, were elected Members.—Mr. Vaux read a paper, communicated by Sir J. Boileau, Bart., "On Merino Sheep"—in answer to the question, whether or not this species, which has been brought to England from Spain during the early part of the present century, is the genuine descendant of the sheep which were, originally, sent to Spain from this country. Sir J. Boileau demonstrated that, in very early times, English wool was in high repute on the Continent of Europe; and proved, from various Spanish writers, and chiefly from the letters of Gomez Cidra Real, that there was, in early times, an office in Spain, called the Judge of the Shepherds, which was usually conferred on men of high rank, and that one Migo Lopez di Oroso bore this title as early as 1339 A.D., a period when the Spanish writer adds, "flocks were first brought in transport ships from England into Spain." He then goes on to show, from the *Chronicles of Stow* for the year 1467, and from *Baker's Chronicles* for 1465, that Edward the Fourth gave licence "for certaine Coteswold sheep to be transported and sent into the country of Spaine, as a present to the King of Aragon,"

not improbably, in consequence of a treaty between the two kings, which is preserved in Rymer's 'Fœdera,' vol. xi., p. 631. As was natural, the sending of these sheep to Spain was not popular in England—the Chronicle adding, that these ewes and rams "did so multiply in Spain, as to have proved very detrimental to the woollen trade of England."

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—April 27.—T. J. Pettigrew, V.P., in the chair.—P. Marston, Esq., the Rev. J. J. Briggs, H. Walker, Esq. and J. H. Belfraze, Esq. were elected Associates.—Mr. Witto exhibited a bronze key of the thirteenth century exhumed in excavations made at St. Mary-le-Bow; a leaden bull of Pope Innocent the Sixth, found in the Thames, and a Sportsman's Companion of the early part of the eighteenth century.—Mr. Syer Cuming also exhibited a similar instrument of steel of the time of William the Third. Early examples of this kind are rare.—Mr. Clutton exhibited a richly chased silver watch-case of the time of Queen Anne, with a portrait of her Majesty, and Mr. A. Thompson one of gilt metal chased by George Michael Moser in the reign of George the Second.—Mr. Woodhouse exhibited a rare specimen of octagonal plaque of azure blue glass, each side painted in oil and representing the Baptism of our Saviour and Christ walking on the Sea. This beautiful trinket is a Spanish production, set in an elegant gold frame, and decorated with turquoise and black enamel. It is of the close of the sixteenth century.—Mr. Forman produced a leather Costrel of the sixteenth century, recently obtained from Barrow Hall, Lincolnshire.—Mr. S. Jervis exhibited a portion of an early iron horse-shoe dug up at Darleston, in Staffordshire, and Miss Allen sent two Nuremberg jettons found at Silchester.—Mr. Wentworth sent the transcript of a letter directed to one of his ancestors Deputy-Lieutenant for Leeds, dated from Preston, Nov. 13, 1715, relating to the army during the rebellious war.—Mr. Gunston exhibited a gold coin of Cunobeline, found in March last in Oxfordshire. It is figured in Ruding, Vol. I., plate 4.—The Rev. Henry Mackamoss sent a fine specimen of Saxon Spearhead found at Ashdown, Kent, and some rubbings from Sundridge of the fifteenth century.—The remainder of the evening was occupied in the reading of Mr. Wakeman's paper, 'On Pembridge Castle, Herefordshire,' of which particular historical and architectural, hitherto unknown, were given, and illustrated by plans and drawings.

CHEMICAL.—April 21.—Dr. Hofmann in the chair.—Messrs. J. G. Barford, W. T. Fewtrell and E. G. Stonford were elected Fellows.—Dr. H. Rose read a paper, 'On the Absorption by Water of Chlorhydric Acid and Ammonia.'—Dr. H. Debus read a paper, 'On the Polyatomic Alcohols.' He defined an alcohol to be a neutral compound of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, capable of uniting with acids to form neutral bodies by the elimination of water. In illustration of his views, the author referred principally to the compounds of glycol, glycerine and mannitan.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—April 12.—'Summary of the Succession in Time and Geographical Distribution of Recent and Fossil Mammalia,' conclusion of the twelfth lecture of a Course 'On Fossil Mammals,' by Prof. Owen.

May 2.—W. Pole, Esq., Treas. and V.P., in the chair.—The Annual Report of the Committee of Visitors was read and adopted. The statement of sums received shows a steady and gradual increase in the yearly income. The amount of annual contributions of members and subscribers in 1858 amounted to 2,109. 9s., being more than had been received in any previous year: the receipts from subscriptions to lectures were 739. 14s. 6d. The total annual income amounted to 5,060. 8s. 8d. On December 31, 1858, the funded property was 25,831. 1s. 8d.; and the balance 927., with six Exchequer Bills of 100l. each. There were no liabilities. A list of books presented accompanies the report, amounting in number to 132 volumes; making, with those purchased by the managers and patrons, a total of 712 volumes (including periodicals) added to the library in the year. The

following gentlemen were unanimously elected as officers for the ensuing year:—President, The Duke of Northumberland; Treasurer, W. Pole, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. J. Barlow; Managers, J. J. Bigsby, M.D., Sir B. C. Brodie, Bart., E. B. Denison, Esq., Q.C., Col. G. Everest, Sir C. Hamilton, Bart., Sir H. Holland, Bart., H. B. Jones, M.D., J. Percy, M.D., F. Pollock, Esq., L. Powell, M.D., R. P. Roupell, Esq., Rev. W. Taylor, J. Webster, M.D., Lord Wensleydale, Col. P. J. Yorke; Visitors, J. C. Burgoine, Esq., Rev. C. J. F. Clinton, C. Wentworth Dilke, Esq., J. G. Dodson, Esq., W. Gausen, Esq., G. W. J. Gyll, Esq., A. Henderson, M.D., R. Jennings, Esq., T. Lee, Esq., J. Lubbock, Esq., C. Lyall, Esq., E. Macrory, Esq., Sir E. Pearson, H. Pemberton, Esq., J. B. Sedgwick, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—May 4.—T. Chapman, Esq., Chairman of 'Lloyd's', in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Members:—Messrs. S. Carey, T. Ellison, G. R. Haywood, J. Holder, C. Jones, and W. N. Wilson.—The paper read was, 'On Timber for Shipbuilding,' by Mr. L. Wray.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—May 2.—J. Finlayson, Esq., President, in the chair.—Mr. S. Brown read a paper 'On the Mortality amongst American Assured Lives.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. Geographical, 5.—'On the Lower Danube,' by Major M'Queen.—'On the Geography of Central Africa,' by Mr. M'Leod.

TUES. Royal Institution, 2.—'General Monthly.

WED. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'Discussion on Mr. Kingsbury's paper 'On the Victoria (London) Docks,' and upon Mr. T. M'Gill's paper 'On the Tyne Docks.'

THURS. 'Short Account of the wrought-Iron Girder Bridge over the Spey, on the Aberdeen and Inverness Railway,' by Mr. Fairbairn.—'Description of the Government Water-works, Trafalgar Square,' by Mr. Amos.

FRI. Zoological, 9.—'Scientific'—'On Birds from Tavoy, in the Burmese Provinces,' collected by Mr. B. B. Bishop, and on Birds from Siam, transmitted by Sir R. Schomburgk.

SAT. 'On the Freshwater Shells from Quito,' by Mr. Cuming.—'On a new Species of *Scolopendras*, and on the Geographical Distribution of the Genus,' by Mr. Solander.

SUN. 'On the Birds of Cashmere and Ladakh,' by Dr. Adams.

MON. Syro-Egyptian, 7.—'Sennacherib, his History, with some Fac-simile Drawings of the Destruction of the Lachish of the Bible, taken from Slabs in the British Museum,' by Mr. Harle.

TUES. Royal Institution, 3.—'On Geological Science,' by Prof. Morris.

WED. Royal Society of Literature, 8.

THURS. Society of Arts, 5.—'On the Recognition of Music among the Chinese,' by Mr. H. F. Chorley.

FRI. Graphic, 8.

SAT. British Archaeological Association, 84.—'On the Black Jack and Bombard,' by Mr. Cuming.

SUN. Royal Institution, 2.—'On the Seven Periods of Art,' by Prof. M. J. L. Thompson.

MON. Philological, 8.

TUES. Society of Antiquaries, 8.

WED. Royal, 5.—'On the Resistance of Glass Globes and Cylinders to Collapse from External Pressure, and on the Pressure and the Progressive Weakening of various kinds of Glass,' by Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Tate.—'On the Atomic Weight of Graphite,' by Prof. Brodie.

THURS. Chemical, 8.—'On Bases produced by Nitrous Substitution,' by Mr. Wood.—'On the Manufacture of Substitute of Copper,' by Mr. Buckley.

FRI. Royal Institution, Meeting at 8; Lecture at 8.—'On the Changes of Terrestrial Temperature at different Geological Epochs,' by Mr. Hopkins.

SAT. Astronomical, 8.

SUN. Royal Institution, 3.—'On Modern Italian Literature,' by Mr. Lacatta.

MON. Asiatic, 2.—'Anniversary.'

FINE ARTS

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE "old society," like the new one, keeps the even tenor of its way. This Exhibition is, save for a loss or two, so like the Exhibition of 1858, that a blind man spelling the Catalogue with *clairvoyant* fingers would be able to tell how skilful is Mr. Gilbert in the disposition of a scene,—and how when Mr. Hunt paints an oyster-shell and an onion,—also mussel-shells and a periwinkle for Mr. Ruskin (a solemn fact stated in the Catalogue), he will put forth his utmost power of hand and charm of colour to do justice to the important commission. There is no very ambitious figure-drawing this year,—none of those wondrous pictures of life in the Harem or the Caravanserai, by Mr. Lewis, the sight of which was wont to make admiring eyes ache, as well as admire, by reason of their astounding minuteness.—In short, there is no pre-eminent feature; and if our notes which follow be more discursive than orderly they will so much the better represent a collection in which the guest readiest at making up his mind would be puzzled to point out the drawing.

Beginning with No. 1. *Midnight on the Atlantic*, by Mr. S. P. Jackson, it is pleasant to note that an artist whose name was first mentioned in this journal not many years ago, should have made such good progress as Pall Mall East shows this May. He has enlarged his circle of observation and colour as every successful man should—yet as few will—do. Besides those marine drawings, which first made him known,—in which the air has a lightness, and the water flows,—he has a lake dream—*Thun, Evening* (54)—which is full of tenderness and glow and soft beauty. The distance vanishes and melts, without indecision or trick. This landscape, with *The Stepping Stones on the Llugwy* (9), by Mr. Brantwhite, an evening scene in another mood, and Mr. Davidson's *Trees* (13) may, without much question, be pointed out as three of the most meritorious drawings of the year. Those by the two latter gentlemen, however, are so entirely in the manners which have made them known as merely to call for citation, not criticism.

Mr. Gilbert's *Trumpeter* (16) is the Cavalier displayed leaning against his charger, whom every one knows by heart. Better is the scene from 'The Taming of the Shrew' (132),—this being the banquet at *Lucentio's* house. Here there is a touch of that real Italian grace which makes every one enjoy the banquet-scenes of Bonifazio:—some nobility in the beauty of the women, a praiseworthy ease of attitude, though, perhaps, too theatrical an arrangement of the figures. The means by which Mr. Gilbert produces his effect—hatching, instead of washing or stippling, is carried too far or not far enough—to the verge of defect. In his lighter drawings, such as this one, the result is a certain edginess, which impairs the pleasure of the eyes, and gives in places the appearance of the intermediate tones having sunk. In his *Robbers lying in Ambush* (205), Mr. Gilbert is entirely another man,—trying there, it would seem, to take up the truncheon laid down by Mr. Cattermole.

A good figure-drawing in quite a different humour is the kneeling woman and girl, in a formal old German costume, called *The Widow of Wöhl* (128), by Mr. Burton. This artist has been looking at Van Eyck and Hemlinck, it would seem—to judge from the angular, yet not ungraceful, folds of his draperies, the hardy, clear brightness of his flesh-tints, and a certain firmness of execution exceedingly welcome to the eye. The same qualities recommend themselves in the same artist's drawing of *Tyrolean Boys trapping Birds* (282). In this, however, the stump of the felled beech-tree, though rendered with an exquisite truth, is too intrusive.

How welcome, nevertheless, is this over-precision (if over-precision it be) we cannot better illustrate than by turning to the vexatious drawings of Mr. Dodgson,—vexatious in proportion as his beginnings promised us an original artist. There was too much, it is true, of pearl and lilac and lemon-green on his palette,—too much of the prettiness in tone which has made two of his brethren in oil, Mr. Woolmer and Mr. Pasmore, rest in a wearying mannerism, when they might have risen to high eminence as colourists. But, in trying to emancipate himself from this, it may be, Mr. Dodgson has become weak and cloudy; *vide his Preaching in the Crypt* (57)—a scene not unlike that of 'Rob Roy' in the Barony Laike Kirk of Glasgow. Here a very few touches would transform the entire drawing into some of those mysterious nooks of an Adelsberg Grotto, where the eye of fancy conjures up palmers, and shrouded nuns, and giants, out of the rocks dripping in the gloom. In scenes so close, the contrasts of light with dark are more apt to be sharp than confused. Think of Rembrandt's synagogues, or, to take a vastly inferior example, of Granet's cloisters.—Here is not twilight so much as smoke. The same charge is justly to be brought against Mr. Dodgson's *Christmas Carol Singers* (156), a subject which surely suggests something brighter and more distinct than a group of ill-defined phantoms huddled together in an atmosphere of molten mud. Yet, despite this utterly conventional vagueness, there is a certain picturesque feeling in both drawings: for the sake of which we retain hope in Mr. Dodgson for a year longer.

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Mr. Nash, in his tide scene from *The Antiquary* (33), and in the Cumnor Hall garden trio from *Kenilworth* (229), does his best to keep pace with Sir Walter Scott; but lingers far behind the Shakespeare of Scotland. The first moment is not happy as a subject. There must be something melo-dramatic in the group of the Baronet, the *Gaberlunzie*, and the terrified girl on the stone, to which the hungry waves are rising,—with cruel rocks above, and gathering night around them. A single moment of scream and gesticulation and terror, under circumstances so appalling and violent, is only to be seized and perpetuated by one having a more sinewy wrist than Mr. Nash. What is here done does not get beyond third-rate book illustration. His "conversation-piece" of *Amy Robart*, *Janet*, and the *Pedlar* (229) is better, because the incident is more manageable. There is too much of the modern water (*body*) colourist in Mr. Nash to please us. Paper is one thing, *stucco* another. Delicacy and clearness, not excluding a certain force, seem vanishing from the art, in favour of an emulation of the doings of oil.—Mr. F. Taylor's *Scotch Prisoners taken at a Conventicle* (72) is another tribute to Scott; in a mood totally different. Here are costume, scenery—the preacher, the prophetess, the Highlander, the Government soldier, all duly characterized,—some motion,—too little emotion. What was said a fortnight since in regard to Mr. Hage's "Louvain Riot," applies to this clever drawing. That there is something splashy and wind-blown about it, belongs expressly to Mr. Taylor's style; and this may be the reason why he prefers moss and moorland and north-country scenes.

Mr. Samuel Read, whom we do not recollect to have met before, is apparently aspiring to honours as a draughtsman of architectural details, and not wholly without qualifications. His *Interior of the Church of St. Laurence at Nuremberg* (41) is a study of that wonderful *Sacraments' Hauselein*, by Adam Kraft, which, with the Volkamer window in the background, is one of the crown jewels of that splendid town. But, to judge from the drawing, no less than the motto from Prof. Longfellow, with its verbiage about

The foamy sheaf of fountains,

Mr. Read has something to learn ere he can master details so intricate and truths so difficult to render. The poet's "painted air" is a poet's fiction.—Old coloured glass mellows the day—but does not tinge it. Here everything is suffused and blended; and the wonderful shrine cut in stone has more of the poet's "foam" than the cutter's chisel. The drawing will only dimly recall the scene to those that know it. A smaller and far less ambitious production—the *Porch of Linlithgow Church* (228)—is, to our judgment, a far more expressive testimonial—as something clear, architectural, precise, yet not without the harmonies and influences which Time throws over Scottish stone-work, no less than Sicilian marble.

Mr. Harding's *Park* (136) is a great drawing of a scene, not unlike the "Meeting of the Waters," at Rokeby—but a small drawing so far as concerns success. There are two blue inlets into the scene, and three groups of the peculiar trees which Mr. Harding has been drawing for many a year. There is his beech, there is his fir tree—and both are hit off as possibly no one else could hit them off. But "hitting off" is not Art, whether the thing hit be Mr. Hunt's oyster-shell or Mr. Harding's woodland matter. A very strong drawing is the *First Approach of Winter* (181), by Mr. A. P. Newton—another stranger to us. The snow and the dreariness of which—*scene* Inverness-shire—are capital rendered. Many stop before this drawing, which is by no means superficially attractive, to discuss how it has been done—where the scraper—where the scalpel has been. But it has power and effect in no common degree, though both are devoted to a bleak and wintry subject, which, if brought home, must recall the line—

When icicles hang by the wall.

Mr. Newton has great promise.

One paragraph more will dismiss what we have to say of this Exhibition.—Mr. W. C. Smith is somewhat a-flame in his *Up-Train* (15). The drawing, nevertheless, is a striking one, and vindi-

cates the fact that a railway, like every other reality—be it column of smoke from factory chimney, a steam-tug, or an iron-road driving through the heart of a pastoral county—becomes fair theme for poetry, once its reality is established. Compared with Mr. Smith, Mr. Palmer is unreal. He has a receipt for sunset-drawings (including the comet) which buyers may covet, but which we do not like. Other of the water-colourists have done what they have done before—and done well. Among these is Mr. Duncan, whose *Wreckers* (31), a small drawing, albeit fragmentary, must take a first place. A less hackneyed hand will be detected in Mr. E. A. Goodall's *Interior of the Middle Church of St. Francis, Assisi* (49)—an impressive drawing. On the whole, however, there is little—too little—to mark this Exhibition.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. C. R. Leslie, who has done such good work for English Art, shows in his *Hotspur and Lady Percy* (No. 152) unequivocal signs of failing eye and hand. There is age in this picture marked as painfully as the apoplexy was in that memorable sermon of the Archbishop of Granada. The colour is colder and harsher than ever, the red is pink, and every tint is weakened or muddied. The composition is crude, and the simplicity aimed at is almost childishly urged on one's notice. Hotspur is no muscular warrior, but a mincing dandy of some Lifeguard regiment in new boots. The costume, too, is neglected, and effeminate unsuitable and untrue. It is a pity that an artist who has won such well merited fame should still be so greedy for praise as to fish for it with this poor bait. In the *Jeannie Deans and Queen Caroline* (211) the old fire breaks out again. The colour is certainly dull and flat, and the composition almost ludicrously stiff and simple, but then there is the charm of the old master in the perfect innocence and unaffectedness of the peasant girl's face,—in the royal composure of the queen in the centre,—in the interest and courtesy of the duke and the lady-in-waiting. The flesh is cold and purple, the colour everywhere crude and sombre, but the charm is still there,—and, indeed, the white sword-sheath, the red heels, the black scarf, and the scarlet plaid, are not ill painted, though it is a matter of the greatest forbearance and respect to past merit to allow that green cloth to stand for grass, that black knotting for a park gate, and that imbroglio of opaque green right and left to stand for a living avenue. Where, however, is the picture without drawbacks?

Mr. Horsley is pure, and to a certain degree strong, but not very interesting or dramatic, this year, with his two pictures. The *Milton dictating Samson Agonistes* (222) is one of that class of mere illustration pictures we have so often protested against. There is a blind man in a dressing-gown playing at an organ, with a gaby young man and a stupid laundress to make up the weight. Erase the name of Milton and the picture has no meaning or interest. The figures, too, look all clothes, and have no strong-drawn limbs under them. They have fat look, seem all acting to draw your attention, and are perfectly conscious of the spectators and the footlights. The colour is bright and clear, but timid, and not deep, harmonious or rich. It is groped for, not leaped at and carried through. Superficially, there is much poetry in the thought of the blind, poor, neglected poet, firm in the sublime certainty of his immortality and inspiration, dictating to his young disciple in the quiet back room of that Bunhill Fields house, where the trees grow up round the church tower, and the boughs climb up above the roofs, and tap gaily at the windows. But one is amazed in this picture at the ostentation with which the quiet, holy work is done,—with the fuss and cant and display of the kind deeds, of the wife's service, of the young man's aid, and of all the Puritanism and charity displayed. We must not forget, too, that this situation of pathos has been handled by a hundred writers before it was touched by the ninety-nine painters who will succeed Mr. Horsley.—*Blossom Time* (414) is another obvious old subject, pleasantly treated. Here we have a young sailor, conventionally treated, and a conventional village maiden

exchanging vows under the allegorical blossoming boughs of a spring tree. The painting is very clean and bright, the expression everything that could be wished; but the originality is not great, and the sentiment wants the freshness and vehemence of truth. There is something of the domestically theatrical in the enraptured, handsome sailor boy, with the spotless costume of the period, the black tie corded with white, and all the nautical paraphernalia. Mr. Horsley is better in the pure idealisms—the actual world is a different world.

Mrs. F. B. Hay's *England and Italy* (173) is a simple, almost bald, but thoughtful and unaffected, picture, intended to contrast, in a certain sort of stony Italian landscape in the Val d'Arno, a happy little aristocratic English boy and a saturnine, stubborn Italian peasant child. The painting is neat and careful.

Mr. A. Hughes is quaint to affection, and subtle to the extent of almost super-feminine feebleness; but he is brimming over with poetry, draws fairly and paints with a delicious sense of texture and colour. But though the imagination is potent, and of a most sweet quality, the judgment seems of a far inferior vintage. *The King's Orchard* (609), as telling the story of a page playing on an extraordinary instrument, and in love with a queen, is ridiculous. It is just some children lolling and resting from play in an orchard. (O! the mania for spring blossom this year, just as if artists flew in flocks!) This is the most P.R.B. picture in the Academy (Mr. Millais being now one of the painters against time, and more intent on quantity than quality). It is full of poetry of a quaint and eccentric kind, and in its imitative painting is specially exquisite. But the drawing is crotchetty and out of focus, and there is throughout it a general want of common sense and of that perception of the ridiculous that helps an artist out of all sorts of absurdities and incongruities. There is a fairy-story character about the beautifully painted rose velvet of the queen's cap and about her cloth-of-gold striped robe, about the pink blossoms and the page's dress; but though there is a serene and magical beauty in the queen's face, in spite of its hard contoured outline, the greys in the page's face have run mouldy and wild. Will not artists remember that the outside world does not see grey at all in a face? There is no reason because one has thought out and learnt that there are such colours, that therefore faces should be painted all grey. Mr. Hughes has evidently not yet discovered whether outlines are indistinct or sharp when looked at near. Half these modern discussions on such points resolve themselves into this. Some people paint things as they are, and others paint them as they seem. Some paint all that is in the object, others all that the average eye can take in at one time. The more you paint a thing, the oftener and more varied are the points of view the eye can take. The one picture is exhausted at a glance, the other can be looked at in all its aspects. Mr. Hughes's other picture has the scene, not in Fairy Land, but in real life. Like his "April Love," the story is not quite clear, but we presume that (524)—and the Chaucerian motto (the P.R.B.'s all read Chaucer, or at least quote him) means that—the gentleman looking up to heaven is accepted of the pleasant smiling girl who clasps his hand; and that

For how myght ever sweetnesse have been known
To hym that never tastyd bitternes—

means that the pains and perils of courtship, and other vexations of his life render by contrast his present happiness greater;—so thinks the slate-coloured dog that fondles him as he stands by the grey tree, triangulated with whitish ivy leaves. Though rather thin and flat, this is an admirable picture, full of the tender poetry of love, and crowded with thought and prettinesses. Mr. Hughes will paint better and touch the universal heart oftener when he gets out of the enervating green-house air of clique, and thinks boldly for himself without sham archaism or affectation.

We last week noticed the rather defiant daring, the challenging mannerism and coarse strength of Mr. Millais's *Spring* (298) and *The Vale of Rest* (15). There is something thoughtful and sad about the grave-digging nun, and something vigorously

hopeful about the spring-blossoming orchard, with the feasting children, themselves in the spring of life. The painter has run through a severe gamut of child beauty, from the wilfulness of the little lady in the buff-coloured muslin lying on her back, to the rather cat-like sagacity of the president of the feast. The flesh is not pleasantly painted, and the grass is rather too soft and vapoury, though the yellow and white flowers do flow up prettily to the surface, and though the dandelion with becoming grace does balance here and there his globe of down. The red, yellow and green striped gown to the left is very daring, and so is the heavy purple of the girl's tippet on the right. The cowslip-twisted in the back hair of one and the blue wreath of another are vigorously invented for colour. With these few observations to compensate for some shortcomings of memory we pass to the last picture, *The Love of James the First of Scotland* (482), a very unsatisfactory work, being the mere portraiture of a blue gown. The idea is borrowed from a picture by a young artist, and is not strongly treated. The stones of the tower are rather smeared, the lady's face is hard, gaunt and severe, and looks as if it had been rouged. James the First never wrote his poem for such a lady as that. A servant reaching up to put a bit of groundsel in a goldfinch's cage would look more interested than that.

Mr. Calderon stands this year first among the younger men—quite first. His *French Peasants finding their Stolen Child* (634) acting at a country fair, is admirable, both in plan and execution. Its completeness within itself is a lesson to the herd of men who paint mere unintelligible historical anecdotes. The painting is as strong and manly as the thought, with its strong national colouring and its simple and pure pathos. The enraptured mother, —the half-frightened child, —the crowing father, —the indignant hard-featured show-women who stand on her right, —the arbitrating gendarme, —the alarmed clown, with the immense green spectacles, peeping behind the curtain, are finely conceived. Perhaps it would have been better for a few spectators' faces, indignant or sympathizing, about to peep the show lamps, or express some tumultuous verdict. The solitude of the scene, and its separation from the outside world, intensifies the story, but narrows the circle of its interests. This is a strongly thought-out, strongly painted picture, and gives great hopes of the artist. We must, in conclusion, praise the detail of the string of coloured lampions, the glimpse of all the fun of the fair, the stage finery the mother treads under foot, the father's rough scooped-out sabots lined with straw, and especially the child's finery and puffy white "phenomenon" frock.

Mr. Rankley is too good for us. He paints Dissenting sentiment, and deals with a certain sort of tea-party religion. Such is his *Evening Song* (368). Such is the *Farewell Sermon* (271), which is well painted, but is false, and rather canting in tone. There we see by lamplight (religious emblems on the lamp, of course), seated by a moonlit window, a well-fed clergyman, rapt in thought, and his pretty wife, looking regretfully, with half-open mouth, out of the said blue-light window. We doubt much if clergymen leaving a good living for a better do throw themselves into these becoming attitudes—seated amidst corded boxes and unfinished sermons. There may be a vague regret, even deep regret, but not these attitudes. Except a certain want of strength, this is a well-painted picture; but neither the artist, nor those he paints for, care for the Art we want.

Mr. W. M. Egley's *Richelieu and Anne of Austria* (263) is a piquantly-painted historical anecdote, of more than Mr. Egley's usual promise. The expressions are good; the painting a little hard, but delicate and refined. The passage of the inner room has great merit of tone, and the faces are decidedly clever. The crabbed musician who plays the sara-band—which Cardinal Richelieu, dressed in green velvet and bells as a Spanish jester, dances to—is palpably conscious of the trick. The dark, saturnine visage of the listening King is as good as the grave punctilio of the dancing Cardinal and the royal, amused bearing of the Queen. The furniture and other details are most sharply given, and are most learnedly correct.

Mr. Clark goes on fast in the right road. Already he tells his little domestic stories as forcibly as Wilkie,—soon he will paint as well. *The Draught-Players* (209) is full of simple genius and the kindest humour, never wounding, never hurting. The look of the old man, beaten at draughts by his grandson, is quite perfect. No Dutch painter has anything better. The hand up to the mouth, the quiet determination to clearly and scientifically show why he (grandfather) lost the game, ought to have lost, and knew he should have lost it, mixed with instinctive and momentary irrepressible astonishment and vexation at being beaten, is as good as the clumsy, vivacious triumph of the boy. The details are true and good. The tone too low, but the colour true colour, and nowhere false to itself. The painting is in parts delicate and admirable, particularly the basket and buff and crimson crab-shell the child has made a cart of. This will be a great and world-known English painter of English subjects, seen with English eyes, and loved with an English heart.

Mr. Pickersgill gets worse and worse. He paints no better, draws no better, and he now dilutes with water even the very water of his thoughts. He is of all respectably good mechanists the most conventional and feeble. His *Dalila asking Forgiveness of Samson* (348) is an insult to Milton. The artist has given us Samson (back), Dalila, &c., all in Venetian dressing-gowns, with that well-known red Fez cap, with the tassel cut off, again. This time there are no fat boys in the clouds, but we have all the usual attitudes, as devoid of religious feeling as a bill of lading is of poetry.

Mr. Hook is less speckly in texture and clearer in outline than usual this year, though he has not yet quite made up his mind apparently as to the effect of atmosphere on outline. He is now the acknowledged painter of Devonshire life; and we suppose, as there are other counties, he will in time attempt Cornish poetry or Yorkshire poetry,—for let it be known, there is poetry out of Devonshire. He does not tell a story, but gives a hearty country-scene, priding himself on truth, and on a most admirable brown glow and freshness of colour. His *"Leif, boy,"* (369) is an admirable picture of a stripling and an old fisherman, in a boat half-filled with richly-coloured fish, mullets, &c., unaptly painted. The boat is lifting and poising about on a green-rolling sea. *A Cornish Gift* (439) is a picture of a man offering a live lobster to a girl as a present. The humour is not great, but is pleasant and evident. *The Skipper Ashore* (493) is an exquisite little study of a fisherman's boy, with one foot over the gunwale of the boat, rocking himself in luxurious idleness till the "Cap'in" comes. In the (?) quotation of verse (250)—the lilac gown and red handkerchief of the woman on the bridge jar very harshly. All truth is not pleasant truth. There is a delightful sensation of happiness about Mr. Hook's pictures which does the heart good—like a cordial. There are signs of age about Sir E. Landseer's *"Bran will never put another stag to bay,"* and *Oscar will no make out by himself* (175), but, as a boldly-imagined reminiscence of old deer-stalking days, and coming from so great a hand, it has interest. The scene is a Highland lake—a great wallow of green water, from which emerges a deer's head. One dog is gored and sinking, the other, almost ready to give over, swims close to the head he cannot reach. The struggles and half-angry fear of the buck is given of course with power and certainty. The other pictures are *Doubtful Crumbs* (138), *The Prize Calf* (203) and *"A Kind Star"* (426)—a picture we cannot read. There is an angel with a gas-light on his forehead, and a fawn trying to look like a giraffe.

Mr. G. H. Thomas's *Review on the Champ de Mars* (478) is like all pictures painted by command. It is quietly and cleverly treated, but in rather a low-toned, timid, small manner. There is the dusty square—there the lines of blue and red—there the Zouaves, with their turbans like little targets,—there the forest of silken parasols—there the canopy under the pillars—and all other proprieties. It is admirably but not ambitiously done, and is not very interesting.

Mr. Cope is grand but dull in his *Cordelia receives*

intelligence of her Father's ill-treatment (193). This is an exquisitely proper and correct picture even to the tears, as large as peas, on Cordelia's respectable cheeks,—but the general result is dum-dumish and exceedingly unmoving. You look at it—*are pleased*—and go on. There is a made-up air and cold want of imagination, even in the curious postman-fellow with the cap, feather and sword;—and as for the ladies, who never saw so large a gooseberry as the tear that is being produced so ostentatiously, they have the true start of zealous but hireling models. As for the draperies, jewels and other properties, they seem of the true conventional antiquarian order.

About Mr. Herbert's *Mary Magdalene* (165), bringing spices to the tomb, there is all the fine feeling of the master, in spite of a certain affectation. There is a largeness of thought, study, and experience that, if it does not warm the heart very much or appeal to ordinary sympathies, is truly deserving of respect as a generous effort at a high ideal.—Mr. Mark's *Dogberry's Charge to the Watch* (427) must not be overlooked as the best of all commentaries on this scene from the Great Inexhaustible. For our own part, we would rather see the picture in Elizabethan costume than in the hood and pig-tail liripe of Henry the Fourth. The heads are full of character, and every humour of the group is given with balanced force. Dogberry, short and fussy, is a masterpiece of the small official man. The deaf man with the horn, the senile Verge, the man having his hood adjusted, are all admirable. The painting still wants a little fuller blood and richness.

Mr. F. Stone is on his usual ground this year. His *Friendship Endangered* (254) is but two girls on the point of quarrelling, and the feeling intended is not very subtly conveyed. *A little too late* (662) is not by any means felicitous. The beautiful laundress is of Mr. Stone's usual plump and arch manner. The lover, with his red nightcap pressed to the pit of his stomach, where he supposes his heart resides, is a "gaby." The soap in the lather and bubbles are finely introduced. The story, as we read it, is that just after a lover has proposed to a young French laundress—with low dress and flapping frill—a "gaby" comes up, just as they always do, and proposes to her, of course fruitlessly. The successful lover watches from behind a doorway.

Mr. Leighton, after a temporary eclipse, again struggles to light. His heads of Italian women this year are worthy of a young old master,—so rapt, anything more feeling, commanding or coldly beautiful we have not seen for many a day. *Parnassia* (32) is the most regal of them all. The backward yet proud look is worthy of a Lucrezia Borgia. Mr. Leighton has admirably caught the Italian complexion in all its tints, down even to the languid sepia tint under the eyes, as in his full-face model, who might be a Vittoria Corombona, so feeling and passionate she looks. This is real painting, and we cannot but think that a painter who can paint what he sees so powerfully will soon be able to surpass that processional picture of his about which there was such a primitive charm and saintliness. It is a pity if such a spring has no summer.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—“Rome was not built in a day,” as some great man once observed,—and a picture-gallery requires time to grow. When the present collection at Sydenham began in the long glass promontory of the right wing that juts out into the gardens, a more curious collection of morbid specimens, streaked here and there with talent, could scarcely have been found outside the Pantheon—that special mausoleum of still-born Art. But now the collection has found its legs, and has come in for warmth to within reach of the palms and papyri that, in a hot steam worthy of the Euphrates, spread and feather below the gallery, which is now an airy terrace on the first floor above the Pompeian Court, it deserves praise and notice,—though still a little wanting in shape and classification, and greatly requiring a cheap, able, good catalogue. There, listening to clashes of Verdi and regrets of Mendelssohn, you can pace up and down the enormous quarter-deck of

this terrace-gallery and either brood over the old masters, admire the brightness of the younger English school, or amuse yourself with the novelty of subject and treatment in the Belgian and French works. There is now, if the Palace prove not consumptive, the germ, with weeding, of a really good gallery, if the directors buy the good pictures and expel the bad, in due time, when their unsaleability is mathematically proved. As for the old masters, though reasonable specimens of style, they are what might be expected,—fiery Bordones, eclectic emptinesses, with a few good portraits, and some extravagant early Flemings. The other pictures are not specially interesting in subject, and are, too many of them, just those wilful, hopeless eccentric pictures that never can and never do sell. Nor are these specimens of the representative men of any school, but chiefly of the outsiders. In the English department, Etty's 'Joan of Arc' (two of the series) and Mr. Anthony's serious landscapes are specially interesting. But from these *illuminati* we come to men of the lesser calibre of Messrs. Deane, Horlor, &c. There is a great deal of coarse talent in M. Philippeaux' picture of the 'Hôtel de Ville, during the Revolution of 1848.' There is a great deal of truth and force in this, but no genius. Lamartine is on a chair, and his colleagues, in tricoloured scarfs, are near him. He is denouncing the red flag, borne by an Amazon in a red cap on horseback, and eulogizing the tricolour that had made the tour of the world. The dead man, with 'Mort aux Voleurs' written in blood on his breast,—the street boys with muskets on their shoulders,—the poor blouses sitting on the barricades, eating their black bread,—the almost beggars dragging the carts full of gold plate,—the gesticulating officers,—the wounded men, are all cleverly thrown together; but the picture is hung in a slaughtering light. As for the landscapes, French and Belgian, they are, as usual, funerally dark; and the candle-light pieces are garishly and vulgarly bad. Perhaps, on the whole, the Flemish and Belgian pictures carry away the palm for brightness and buoyancy. 'The Gardener's Daughter,' by Bruycker, though a little crude, is brilliantly strong in colour, and the mischievous innocence and greedy anxiety of the face of the child watching the butterfly is admirable. The flowers are well painted, though a little heavy. The 'Venus and Phaon,' though ostentatiously naked, is full of gay beauty,—the animals, too, of this school are strong and promising,—for instance, 'The Dog and Child,' by Boetscher, and De Hass' 'Dog and Bull.' The expression of the dog who has been insulting the fiercely stupid calves, and suddenly at the corner of a hedge comes on the parental bull, is inimitable. 'The Mother and Child,' by Meyer, of Bremen, is highly finished but low in colour, yet the childish delight is happily caught. We like, too, the quaint boorishness of that costume picture—'The Wedding at Ghent in the Fifteenth Century,' by De Vigne. Foreign artists treat costume in a larger way than we do. We English all borrow from the same few examples and get mannered. De Nost's 'Rich Man's Kitchen' is well painted. Jules Noel's sea is dusty.

A reception of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts took place on Tuesday evening, at the Portland Gallery, Regent Street, lent for the occasion by the Institution of the Fine Arts. Mr. Heraud read a paper 'On Poetry in connexion with the Fine Arts.' A concert followed the address. A number of paintings and drawings adorned the walls of some of the rooms.

The Society known as the 'Artists' and 'Amateurs' Conversazione held the last meeting of the season on Thursday evening, in Willis's Rooms. The collection was extremely various—including some early works of Turner,—a portfolio of drawings by Mr. David Cox,—the same by Mr. David Cox, jun.—a number of works by Mr. Collingwood Smith, and many more.—The Hampstead Conversazione concluded their season on Wednesday evening.

The 'International Art Institution,' at New York, the intended foundation of which we took an opportunity to mention in a former number (*Athenæum*, No. 1630), has now been opened to the

public. This event would have taken place sooner but for the absence of a building answering the purpose of an exhibition of pictures. Herr Anfermann, Director of the enterprise, had to erect for himself, in all haste, a suitable hall. The opening, we read in the American papers, was well attended, and the paintings, mostly German, were meritorious, and fine specimens of the schools they represented. A regular supply of fresh pictures is in prospect, which, before they are shipped to Newport, have first to undergo the inspection of Special Committees appointed at every town from which pictures are sent. Arrangements, we understand, have been made with several American, as well as French, Belgian, English, Dutch, and Italian, artists, to contribute their work to this gallery, so as to render it, in the strict sense of the term, international.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—WIENIAWSKI and RUBINSTEIN are engaged for the SECOND MATINÉE, May 17. JOHN ELLA, Director.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY NO. 7, at the FOURTH CONCERT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 13. Symphonies Concerto in E minor, No. 7; Horsey's Overture to 'Joseph'; and 'Auber's Overture to 'Masaniello.' Violin, Herr Joachim; Vocalists, Madame Lemmens and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, MR. ALFRED MELLON. To commence at half-past Eight o'clock. Tickets, 1s. 6d.; 2s.; 3s.; 4s.; all Particulars relative to the admission of Associates of Messrs. Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street.—N.B.—A Conversazione of the Members on Thursday Evening, May 26, at St. James's Hall.

CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

36, Baker Street, Portland Square.

THE NEAPOLITAN EXILES.—Signor MARRAS, having received the sanction of the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Committee, will give a MATINÉE MUSICALE, in aid of the FUNDS for the NEAPOLITAN EXILES. Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland will kindly allow the Concert to take place at Stafford House, on WEDNESDAY, May 11, at Three o'clock, when Signor MARRAS will make an offering to the Exiles, the amount of which will be given to the Committee worthy of so interesting a cause.—Tickets (One Guinea each) to be had at Mitchell's Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and every particular at Signor Marras's, 10, Queen's Gate, Hyde Park, W.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—LAST CONCERT of the Season, May 12.—Stalls, 2s.; Gallery, 2s.; Areas, 1s.; Addison, Hollier & Lucas, 2s.; Regent Street; and at the Keith, Prowse & Co., 4s.; Cheapside.

MISS EMMA BUSBY'S MORNING CONCERT, Hanover Square Rooms, FRIDAY, May 13, at 3 o'clock. Artists.—Mrs. Santley (late Miss Kemble), Middle, Behrens, Mr. Santley, Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, Miss Emma Busby. Conductor, Mr. Cousins.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Family Tickets, to admit three, One Guinea; at the Musicians' Hall; and of Miss Busby, No. 39, Upper Gloucester Place, Dorset Square.

MISS LOUISA VINNING and MR. ALLAN IRVING will give their GRAND EVENING CONCERT, under the patronage of Mr. James' Hall, SATURDAY, May 14. Artists.—Madame Catherina Hayes, Middle, Violin, Mr. Allam Irving, and Signor Bellotti, Herr Wieniawski, M. Paqué, Mr. Charles Halle, Mr. Frank Mori, Herr Ganz, and the Vocal Association.—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Areas, 2s. 6d.; to be had of Miss Vinning, 39, Worcester Square; and of Mr. Irving, 23, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDSON'S SECOND CONCERT OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC at the Hanover Square Rooms, on TUESDAY EVENING, May 17. Vocalists: Miss Dolly, Miss Messent, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Mr. Brinley Richardson; Violin, Mr. H. Blagrove; Violoncello, M. Paqué. Conductor, Mr. Francesco Berger. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 3s., at the Music Warehouses, and of Mr. B. Richards, 4, Torrington Street, Russell Square.

HANOVER SQUARE QUEEN'S CONCERT, Queen's Hall, to be given to announce that Signor Giulio Regondi will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mlle. Niell, Mr. Tenant, Mr. Depret, Mr. Santley, Violoncello, M. Paqué, Mr. Boley Reeves, Signor Giulio Regondi, Conductors: Mr. Francesco Berger and Campana. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Tickets, 7s.; to be had of the principal Musicians: at the doors; of Mr. Boley Reeves, 17, Norfolk Street, Park Lane; and Signor Giulio Regondi, 24, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD, Pupil of Prof. Sternale Bennett, will give a MATINÉE of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at 14, Montagu Place, Bryanston Square (by the kind permission of Mrs. Chapman), on FRIDAY, May 20, when she will be assisted by Mr. Sington, M. Paqué, Miss Stabach, and Mr. Redfearn. Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Family Tickets, to admit three, One Guinea; to be had of Miss F. Corfield, 29, Burton Street, Eaton Square; and of Messrs. Leader & Cook, 63, New Bond Street.

MR. REMÉNYI and W. G. CUSINS'S GRAND MATINÉE MUSICALE, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, on FRIDAY, May 27, at Half-past Ten. Artists: Mrs. Santley, Madame Pico, Messrs. Whiffin, Santley, Reményi, Piatti, Watson, Schreurs, Richardson, Harold Thomas, and W. G. Cusins. The following will be performed:—Beethoven's Sonata (dedicated to Kreutzer) for Pianoforte and Violin; Bach's Chorale for Violin Solo; and Bach's Toccata in C minor, for Flute, Violin, and Bassoon continuo, with a Piano part by Professor Sternale Bennett, composed expressly for this occasion. Tickets, 7s. each, to be had at the principal Music Warehouses: Stalls, 10s. 6d., to be had of Mr. Reményi, 29, Marlborough Street; Regent's Place, 2s.; and of Mr. W. G. Cusins, 53, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, W.

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The *Songs of Beethoven, with the Original Text*. Edited and Adapted to English Words, by William Hills. (Cocks & Co.)—We cannot accept Beethoven as a writer of Songs without large and important drawbacks. That his peculiar fancies with regard to the human voice did not imply incapacity to produce that which should be really attractive as well as pertinent in declamatory fitness, who could have proved better than he in his 'Adelaide' and 'Ah, perfido'? But in much of his vocal music the melody is short, poor, common-place—if considered as a melody by Beethoven. Of this we find 'Gretel's Warnung'—proof in the tormented 'T'intendo'—proof in that curious chain of songs, 'An die ferne Geliebte,'—opening with its eight-bar phrase five times repeated; and repeated, we cannot help suggesting, for the sake of showing craft and resource in accompaniment by simple means and within small limits. To go through this English selection from Beethoven's Songs one by one, though a task well worthy of being taken in hand by a lecturer on melody, would lead us beyond all reasonable bounds; nor would it answer profitable purpose to illustrate how and why Mr. Hills has failed to execute his task to complete satisfaction. The volume may be recommended for being handsomely, and, so far as we have examined, correctly printed.

From Dr. Spohr, whose industry, considering his advanced years, is pleasant to contemplate,—let its fruits have what value they may,—we have his *Opus 97*, in a Cecilian *Hymn for Soprano and Chorus* (Ewer & Co.). This is in three movements:—chorus *adagio* in triple *tempo*, not unlike the chorus which opens his composer's 'Calvary,'—a *solo allegro moderato* with chorus, in which a *brava* singer, having a clear voice, could produce an effect,—and a final chorus in the style which the great veteran of the violin has never been able to master—the style *fugato*. The *Hymn* would be worth trying at one or other of our choral concerts, being manageable in length,—could our choristers sing German. The English words with which the original text (not Pindaric in its strength) is here published could hardly be less inviting than they are. When will publishers who care to speculate in foreign music learn the very easy truth, that sense is more saleable, because more *singable*, than nonsense?

From these we come to Nos. 146-7, 150 and 151, of *Lieder-Repertorium—Songs of Germany, Scandinavia, &c., with the Original Words, and English, French, or Italian Versions*. (Lonsdale & Co.)—The first is Schumann's 'Die Lotosblume.' Can this be one of the songs of which we have been so long hearing as among the compositions which stamp their writer as a genius? The tune is only faded; the harmonies of accompaniment are far-fetched, though delicate. Curious chords do not make melodies.—'Das Mutterherz,' by Ludwig Stark, is a ballad, which might have been signed *Brown, Jones, or Robinson*; being neither grave nor German enough to have a place in a 'Repertorium.' Next we have a setting of Tiedge's 'Qual-Song,' by Schubert. Wherefore words so thoroughly mannered should have twice tempted German composers, we have never understood. Schubert's melody is less ambitious than Beethoven's—bearing, by the way, a certain resemblance to the opening duett in Beethoven's 'Ruins of Athens.' 'Es Weiss und Rath,' by Mendelssohn, is an *andante*, followed by an *allegro vivace*; to which Italian words have since been wedded. The second marriage is not a happy one. An abruptness of phrase characterizes certain of Mendelssohn's quick *motif* (witness the *stretto* to his 'Loreley' *finale*, and a second melody in the *rondo* to his Violin *Concerto*), and this mates ill with Southern syllables, as too *staccato* and instrumental.—*Die Zigeuner—[The Gypsies], Song*, by F. W. Kücken, with *Chorus ad libitum*, the English Version by William Hills (Cocks & Co.), might be more effective had it been written as an instrumental, not as a vocal, *polacca*.—More to our liking are *Dein Herz*, and *Die Liebe kommt wie die Dicke—[Love comes like a Thief]*, by Franz Abt

(Ewer & Co.), a pair of the more graceful songs of modern Germany.—We like, too, the Five-Part Songs by Herr Abt, which make *The Thirty-Fourth Book of "Orpheus"* (same publishers). Their full value will be felt if they be compared with the specimens by Diabelli and Esser in the *Thirty-Fifth Book* of the same collection. Less worthy, the one in its grand, the other in its flimsy way, could hardly be vocal music laid out for men to sing.

We have lastly, on the present occasion, to deal with a group of old Italian Songs. (Lonsdale & Co.) *"Anco in Cielo,"* an air from *Stradella's Oratorio*, *"San Giovanni Battista,"* is a grave *Cantabile* in F minor, triple time, by no antiquity of form revealing its date (1676). *"Lo Conoso,"* duett, from *Pergolesi's Serva Padrona*, is more obsolete in the cut of its passages.—Here, too, is another edition of the same composer's well-known *Sicilienne* *"Ogni pena,"* the beauty of which, as apart from quaintness, we have failed to discover, favourite though the song be with some of our choicest singers.—Mr. Ropino Lacy has been publishing some sixteen of Handel's opera-songs, with English words.—We have before us the well-known *"Rendi'l sereno al cugio,"*—*"Porteri dir vorrei,"* an air from *Parthenope*, noticeable for its three-bar phrases,—a very fine song, *"Tutta rea,"* from *'Scipione'*, demanding a bass voice of great flexibility and compass, containing a singular mixture of such bold unisonous passages as the master loved to employ in his bass songs, with syncopated phrases as modern as if they were of yesterday's origin.—Handel has never enjoyed full credit for the vast variety of his *anticipations*, the world having too largely forgotten his versatility in his grandeur. *"Vò far guerra,"* the *"Harpichord Song"* from *Rinaldo*, which the composer was himself used to accompany in the opera orchestra, is amusingly *rococo* in its symphonies; the vocal part has dignity and boldness. *"Non transcurate,"* a quartett (or chorus?) from *Deidamia*, is simple in its counterpoint, but lively and effective. How new is Handel's Italian music may be felt by any one who compares it with the pretending nothingness of the day—with such a song, for instance, as the *Caravina* *"Come si può sorridere"* (Lonsdale & Co.), from Signor Petrella's *Carnevale di Venezia*, a *scena* made up of the most hackneyed passages, or such a *Romanza* as *"La Croce,"* by Signor Vianesi (same publishers). Both of these are for a low female voice.

COVENT GARDEN.—By her rapid appearance in four operas Mdlle. Lotti has given a proof of serviceable readiness, which is rare, as times go, in theatres. What is more, in each she has made a more favourable impression than in its predecessor. Each night she seems to sing with more caution—shall we say, too, more timidity?—thereby showing as much respect for herself as for a public with whom raw execution will not pass. With much yet to learn, Mdlle. Lotti has little to unlearn; and her voice is that rare, real treasure, a high and rich Italian *soprano*—such as we have not met for many a day. The tendency to undue vibration which it possesses sometimes is not yet fixed;—and we fancy that good London practice may remove it. In nowise perfect, she is in everywise promising. Her *Gilda*—to come to *'Rigoletto,'* that distasteful opera—is good in point of singing. Even the silly yet difficult air with which Signor Verdi sends his heroine to repose on the night which decides a misfortune—*quasi* music, neither a yawn nor a hiccup, and though on the scale, off the scale, by way of making a puerile surprise,—was given by her with a certain finish and importance well worth being laid to the credit of any singer.—Mdlle. Lotti looks better in this than in any of her three former parts; and though she acts little, she is neither cold nor unfeeling. To sum up, we conceive her to be a real acquisition.—Signor Mario appeared for the first time this year as *Il Duca*, with some of his voice and all his grace. Signor Ronconi, having next to no voice left, still does marvels. The scene in which the buffoon searches among the courtiers for tidings of his undone daughter is a masterpiece of changeable humour. But when all is said and sung, how intolerable is the opera!—an abominable play, to which M. Victor Hugo's force of genius in concentrated dialogue could not recon-

cile us—stripped (to the bones) of its genius, and clad in the most washy and grim of music. The quartett is the only redeeming movement in the entire work; which no acquiescence in "brown snow," seeing that (for the moment) all the "white snow" has fallen, will ever make us accept thankfully. Meagreness and death are in it.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—For "merry" May this year read "military."—Which of the Sibyls can tell how long it may be ere another anniversary comes round, on which Europe will be disengaged enough to sing in Madrigals, to join in flower-processions, to dance on the green, with no strife and suspense and bloodshed, lurid in the background!—Monday's Military Concert at the *Crystal Palace*, appropriately timed as referring to past wars ended,—was no less appropriate, supposing it were advisable by mirth and music to anticipate wars to come. But even this May has had its Madrigals as well as its

Din of rolling drum and trumpet sounding.

—The *English Glee and Madrigal Union* gave a most agreeable Concert on Monday. Miss Banks, the new *soprano*, has an April chillness in her voice, which in some small measure prevents its blending with those beneath it: this every month should amend. Nothing more perfect could well be managed than the part-music led by Mr. Foster: the only male counter-tenor we recollect that is endurable, one who not only sings like a good musician, but speaks with manliness and refinement. Then, it must be said, that compared with some of the modern specimens of English part-music which we have lately been examining, the compositions of Calcott and Horsley and Webbe,—in particular the *encored* "Catch" by the last,—sounded real, pure, and full of meaning as well as of music.

On Monday evening was another Mozart night at the *Popular Concerts*, St. James's Hall, with M. Halle and Herr Wieniawski's Quartett as instrumentalists.—On Monday night, too, the first *Philharmonic Concert* of the season was given. To this some excitement was imparted by the new Concerto for the violin of Herr Joachim. More attention a long and ambitious production could not be followed,—as was justly due to one who—"take him for all in all"—is the greatest living master of his instrument.—We are constrained to add, that such favour as the performance received was irrespective of the music. We had hoped, from other of his late attempts, that Herr Joachim was beginning to disentangle his ideas; holding fast to the faith that, with such disentanglement must come nourishment and clearness of the original fancies; but so far as the *Concerto* goes, we must still wait and hope. There seemed in it, to us, nothing deep or mysterious. The subjects of its three movements—the first said to be in the Hungarian style, the second a romance, the third a gipsy *rondo*—were not unintelligible, even to those who do not understand an appellation we have heard used, calling attention to "concealed melody." But, in none of the three is to be found that fresh beauty which captivates first, to hold fast afterwards. Think (allowing that such special *Concerto*-writers as Viotti and De Beriot are to be shelved as puerile and flimsy) on what manner of themes are built the violin-*Concertos* of Beethoven, Dr. Spohr, and Mendelssohn! Yet, with all this, a wiser setting-out of the themes in this *Concerto* by Herr Joachim would have doubled their effect. He seems unable to let either *solo* or orchestra alone,—to work, instrumentally, in the spirit of Schubert and Schumann, rather than as following out the imperishable principle that in Art that which is to command must be comprehended,—how eminently so in an art of immediate exhibition and changeful publics such as that of Music! His *Concerto* is one which may be dreamed over with rapture by those in whom musical understanding is half developed; but one in which every real lover of musical progress will find retrogression,—an attempt to make nothing do the work of something by the adoption of a demeanour which, however strange, is not new.—This *Concerto* was superbly played. Herr Joachim's *cadenza* in the first movement was a thing to carry away every violinist by its *violonism*. The theme of the *Romanza*, spoiled as it is by an

irrelevant prelude, and by an instrumentation which distracts the ear from the main business of the melody, was given with incomparable quaintness and simplicity. The "hurry" of the gipsy-work in the *finale* was capital,—and shortly before the final *coda* arrived, a light broke in, so undeniably luminous and fascinating, as to make us for the instant question former impressions. But the last is, that Herr Joachim's *Concerto* cannot live long, neither be played often,—in England, at least, unless we are to resign ourselves while living to enjoying a normal musical bewilderment among the fogs of "the future."—At this first *Philharmonic Concert* the overture to "The Ruler of the Spirits" (Weber's best overture, to our humour) went with due spirit; Madame Bishop, too, sang very well, and made more effect in Mendelssohn's *scena* "Infelice" than any singer has been able to make before her,—the music (let it be further noted) not lying comfortably in her voice. Signor Belletti was the other singer.

There was on Tuesday evening an undress *Vocal Association Concert*, at which Dr. Bennett's "May Queen" was given, conducted by Herr Otto Goldschmidt.—On Wednesday, more fitted to this "military" May, a performance of Handel's war *Oratorio*, *Judas*, by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*.—*Miss Annie Elliott's Concert*, too, was held the same evening,—and, we perceive, *Herr Joachim's First Quartett*.—On Thursday, Mr. H. Blagrove gave his Quartett Concert.—Yestereve came the annual *"Messiah,"* given by the *Royal Society of Musicians*, at St. James's Hall.—How have times changed, since this was the only creditable performance of Handel's "Sacred Oratorio" to be heard in London during the twelvemonth; the other oratorios of the year being the patchy concerts of profane and sacred music—mixtures of *"Nid Noddin"* and *"The Horse and his Rider"* enjoyed in the theatres!

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—That General Perronet Thompson is an enthusiast in his ideas, we have no need to remind the musical world—as little to repeat that few persons have considered the very difficult question of intonation or have followed it through all its flats and sharps, with more minute research than he. This *Third edition* of his book on the *Enharmonic Organ* (Wilson), enriched by "additions and alterations," though in size little larger than a pamphlet, is in sense an encyclopaedia of speculation and acoustic fact:—a book which no one treating the subject can avoid examining without respect nor arise from without instruction. Honestly let it be confessed, there are depths which we do not profess to fathom,—delicacies which we fail to appreciate to the point taken for granted by its able writer. Still (not holding, as our readers know, with Prof. De Morgan's theory of false intonation being productive of the truest pleasure) we must submit that there is such a thing as super-exquisite. Enthusiasts who have strained up to a point are apt to assume that the whole world also can arrive there easily without effort.—We have not forgotten the instance of the distinguished Eastern lady traveller, who, after insulting camels—those "ships of the Desert"—with all her known eloquence, laid down the law for future ladies when crossing the Desert, that (of course) the best way for them was to "walk."—In like manner, persons acquainted with the study of keyed instruments will pause when they look at the three new finger-boards and their profile, as represented here, or recollect the instrument which the same illustrations picture faithfully, and when they are told, as they are on this title-page, that the management of this bewildering machine (for musical purposes, too, not distant scientific experiments) is "to be learned in six lessons." Some kind of the kind may have been obtained, in some course of the sort, by some person exceptionally adroit in manipulation,—as we should be the last persons in the world to question,—but the phrase "to be learned" seems nearly as applicable to average wants and capabilities as a certain advertisement—"Anybody wanting a diving-bell," &c.,—the every-day appeal of which has always amused us, among the appeals and assumptions of advertisements.

Herr Molique has returned to England from his concert-tour in Germany.

We were misled by an advertisement last week to announce Herr Lubeck as having arrived, when he was only expected, having been detained in Paris, it is said, by illness.—Herr Leopold de Meyer is here again; also Mdlle. Marie Wieck, sister of Madame Schumann, like that lady, remarkable as a pianist, and besides, we know, skilled as a chamber singer.—Thirdly, Mdlle. Loppers, a pianist from Frankfort, is in town.—It may be feared, however, that the political disturbances of the hour will bear heavily on our musical season.

It is said now that the Schiller Festival will not be held at Weimar this year as was announced. A Musical Festival (the seventh of its series) will be held at Arnheim, on the 18th, 19th and 20th of August. The principal compositions selected are announced to be Handel's 'Samson,' fragments from Gluck's 'Alceste,' and compositions by Myneher ver Hulst and Myneher van Eyken, both of whom belong to Holland by birth.

The war has already taken off from Paris and London more than one journalist and musician inflamed with enthusiasm for the cause of Italian liberty. Those who remember the past performances, professions and publications of Mr. Elwort, will read, not without entertainment, that he is again "up in arms," and has already contributed a part war-song, 'The Departure for Italy,' to the fray.

A two-act opera, 'The Camp of Maestricht,' (says the *Gazette Musicale*) has been given at Montpellier; the composition of two authors belonging to that town.

The news from the far north tells of the sumptuous, almost state, funeral of poor Madame Bosio; who was followed to her last home by thousands of persons and a military escort. An execution of Mozart's 'Requiem' took place on the occasion, and eulogies were spoken over her grave. It is painful to read that the life of one so young and interesting is thought to have been sacrificed to inefficient medical treatment.

'Tannhäuser,' by Herr Wagner, has been produced as promised at New York, and the *Musical Review* assures us with complete success; so much so, indeed, that negotiations, it is added, are in progress to induce its writer to visit the States. The long and rapturous analysis of the opera in the American journal adverted to is as curious a piece of criticism as most that we have met. A few words may afford an idea of the style attained:—"Thus ends the first act, the *finale* of which is certainly not treated in any novel manner. On the contrary, there is even a gradation in it, which is entirely Italian. However, throughout prevails a noble sentiment, and people talk in an elevated language, with due regard for melodiousness and refined manners."

MISCELLANEA

Races and Religions.—The whole North American continent has only 36 millions of inhabitants, hardly as much as France or Austria. The whole of Central and South America has only 23 millions; less, then, than Italy. European Russia, with its 60 millions, has as many inhabitants as America, Australia and Polynesia together. More people live in London than in all Australia and Polynesia. China proper has more inhabitants than America, Australia and Africa together; and India has nearly three times as many inhabitants as the whole of the new world. The result is, that our planet bears 1,288 millions of mankind, of which sum total 522 millions belong to the Mongolian, 369 millions to the Caucasian, 200 millions to the Malayan, 196 millions to the Ethiopian, and 1 million to the American race. Divided according to their confessions, there are 335 millions of Christians, 5 millions of Jews, 600 millions belonging to Asiatic religions, 160 millions to Mohammedanism, and 200 millions of heathens.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J. D.—H. F.—S. F.—X. R. X.—A. H.—H. D.—Cato—W. W.—An Old Scribbler—E. R. W. P. S.—received.

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Report, 1859.—Declaration of Bonus.

The FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING was held at EDINBURGH on the 7th of March, 1859.—
JOHN GIBSON, Jun. Esq., in the Chair.

A Report by the Directors was read, in which the following results were communicated:—

In the Life Department the new assurances effected during the year amounted to £377,425, in 455 policies, yielding £12,565 18s. 8d. in New Premiums.

The claims by Death which had arisen during the year were £79,957.

The Report further stated, that after valuing the whole obligations of the Company in the Life Department, a sum of £136,629 5s. was found to have been the profit realized since last September investigation, which enabled the Directors, after setting aside one-tenth as the Proprietors' Guarantee Fund, to allocate and declare a BONUS ADDITION of £1 5s. PER CENT. PER ANNUM on every policy opened with the Company on the participating scale prior to 31st December, 1858.

A prospective bonus of £1 per cent. per annum on policies issued on or before 31st December last, which may become claims within the current September period, was also declared.

The Premiums received during the year, from 31st December, 1857, to 31st December, 1858, amount to £30,345 16s. 5d.

In the Annuity Department 21 bonds had been issued, the capital sums received for which amounted to £6,232 17s. 1d., and the Annuities granted to £544 14s. 10d.

The Funds of the Company, as at 31st December, 1858, were as under:—

1. Paid-up Capital.....	£125,000 0 0
2. Rest or accumulated undivided Profits ..	63,145 6 10
3. Annuity Fund	100,445 17 2
4. Accumulated Fund from Premiums	680,392 19 8
5. Premium on Suspense Account.....	15,172 18 2

In all £984,157 1 10

Which was securely invested to meet the obligations of the Company. In addition to this, the assured have the security of the large subscribed Capital.

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25	1000	21 2 2	6	72	27 10 0
35	1000	28 2 6	6	72	33 12 0
40	1000	32 15 0	6	72	33 9 0
50	1000	45 12 6	6	72	42 9 0

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